THE COMMONWEAL

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PROSPERITY FOR PREJUDICE?

A SPECIAL correspondent was hurried by the Baltimore *Evening Sun* to Westerville, Ohio, the headquarters of the Anti-saloon League, after hearing the heart-breaking tidings that the Anti-saloon League had gone broke. Having confirmed the sorrowful news, he sought consolation promptly (and, we trust, effectively) in a speakeasy conveniently located near the almost deserted offices of the league which for so many years had hummed with activities. The place of refuge which the reporter discovered was, so he informs his readers, only one of many such that flourish in Westerville, as elsewhere. Every third drink was "on the house"—a trustworthy sign that the illicit liquor business was good in Westerville, even though the local bank was closed and all the dry crusaders were lamenting the drying up of their former liquid financial resources. The reporter does not tell us how they found consolation, except in the case of Dr. Russell, the clergyman who founded the league, who maintained with admirable optimism that things would be better soon.

It is not because of the Anti-saloon League's specific reason for existence, the prohibition struggle, that we refer to the adventures of the Baltimore reporter. It is rather because the Anti-saloon League, like so many other organizations formed for various religious and moral purposes, seems to have added a side line to its main business during the presidential campaign of 1928, if not as an organization, at least through some of its publications and individual members; which side line consisted of swelling the torrent of religious bigotry and intolerance that swept through the land in that ever-memorable year. And now, the Anti-saloon League seems to be in much the same position as the Ku Klux Klan and other societies which labored so mightily, and at times so maliciously, to keep the shadow of the Pope from overwhelming their country —or, perhaps, their traffic in intolerance.

The New York *Times* seems to believe that the frank, manly and consistent statement of his position in regard to the presidential nomination of his party made by Alfred E. Smith may stir up the declining forces of organized and (formerly) highly profitable organizations of bigotry which flourished in 1928. We consider that the *Times* is quite mistaken. A recent visit to several of the Southern states made by a representative of THE COMMONWEAL, while not directly concerned with investigating this question, supplied a great deal of evidence which tends to contradict the

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opinion of our powerful contemporary; although it must be regretfully added that the pessimistic, and premature, opinion, as we regard it, of the *Times* may be seized upon by the very organizations which the New York *Times* has so consistently condemned and fought, as an instrument to help them in an attempt to revive their nefarious profiteering in bigotry.

Not only as a result of our staff editor's Southern tour, but also because of many letters, newspaper clippings and other forms of information which have reached us over the entire period since the religious struggle of 1928, we have reached the conclusion that even the nomination of Mr. Smith—which strikes us as an event extremely improbable of occurrence—would not revive the religious struggle of 1928 in any but a shallow, superficial and half-hearted manner.

Nevertheless, there are two aspects of the matter which deserve consideration in attempting to arrive at a just judgment concerning this difficult and ever-varying question. The first aspect is the one already alluded to above, namely, the fact that when or if religious bigotry in politics is invoked, and the evil contagion spreads to any extent, it puts plenty of money in the pockets of the professional exploiters of prejudice. Mr. Franklin Ford, whose radio station WHAP seems at present to be having a hard time to keep itself going, would be able to collect tribute from his strange following should the religious issue again revive in any considerable measure. The *Fellowship Forum,* which recently invited all the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, jointly or separately, to become contributors to its pages, to explain the Catholic position to the fantastic, and benighted, and semi-illiterate readers of that nefarious sheet—which invitation, strange to say, seems to have been left quite unnoticed by the bishops—might again have an opportunity to sell its copies by the hundreds of thousands if the politicians, by hook or by crook (and there are plenty of crooks among them) should conjure up the evil genie of religious dissension once more. And, of course, all such professional poisoners of the public mind will do their best, or their worst, to get back into business and restore prosperity for prejudice.

The second aspect of the matter is more difficult to estimate. There are, as all people who are well informed on this matter know, millions of honest, sincere and patriotic Americans who are opposed to Catholicism for various reasons, ranging from the intelligent—though, we hold, mistaken—position held by such men as Mr. John Jay Chapman and Mr. Charles C. Marshall, down to the wild and weird conceptions haunting the minds of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon pioneers to this country, to whom the Pope was an ogre and the Church not only a spiritual tyrant but traditionally an enemy of their country and its institutions. How far such honest though mistaken people may be stirred up by the potent personality of Alfred E. Smith until at least the end of the Democratic Convention, is, of course, a question hard to answer dogmatically; but our own best judgment, based upon the reasons given above, is that no such manifestation as 1928 witnessed is ever to be expected again. The widespread nature of the religious issue in 1928, as evidenced by the millions of anti-Catholic newspapers, pamphlets, posters, letters, radio speeches, lectures, and, we regretfully add, sermons from more than a few Protestant pulpits, has deceived people as to the depth and power of the movement. The rough and ready but dependable yardstick of the situation can be found, we believe, in the fact that there was no physical violence, no bloodshed, no rioting, no burning down of churches and convents, no fantastic searches of cellars or convent enclosures looking for hidden weapons or the bones of the victims of Rome, during 1928. A good deal of the rumpus was merely sound and fury, signifying nothing much in special.

On the other hand, the relations between Protestants, Jews and Catholics have improved greatly since 1928. The many conferences and seminars held by these bodies jointly, throughout the whole country, and which will have a notable culmination—which, however, will not stop, but rather nourish the movement—in Washington next month, are positive proofs of this satisfactory state of affairs. Moreover, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, great consolation for the outrageous insults leveled against her children is to be found in the decidedly increased number of conversions to the Church in the South and the Middle West since 1928. Hundreds—perhaps thousands would be the more correct term—of inquirers were moved to study the Church because of the very charges leveled against her; and, having investigated the matter, they followed up their search for the truth in a manner satisfactory to themselves, and enheartening to other Catholics. Apart from this consideration, the general betterment of the relations among at least the leaders of the various religious groups, gathering strength steadily among their followers, is a fact of great significance and full of hope for the future of this nation at a time when few other consolations can be found. This great gain will not be lost in 1932. There will be no return of prosperity for religious prejudice.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Problem of War

IN MANY ways the most impressive incident to have occurred at the Geneva armament conference was the attempt of a woman to address the delegates from the gallery and her summary ejection therefor. The real strength of the contemporary peace movement lies in the will of those who have suffered greatly, who in many cases have drunk the cup of bitterness to the last drop, that a war like that in progress fifteen years ago must not recur. But it is precisely this desire which finds little expression in the debates which statesmen devote to the topic of how the

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special claims of given peoples can be reconciled with military equality. Chancellor Bruening did, indeed, refer to it very effectively when he said that the generation which had fought the war, and which now has the support of religion and of motherhood, must settle the tangle of armament if this is to mean something better than an "ideal" to future times. Yet it would take more than an orator, were he as gifted as Briand, to bring the goal which mankind is seeking within reach. That must, after all, be struggled toward step by step by representatives of government and society.

FROM this point of view the program offered in the name of the United States by Mr. Hugh S. Gibson is astonishingly practical and sane. One had been relatively terrified lest a demand from America that Europe disarm at once in the interests of economic improvement might fling the dignified delegates at one another's throats. Instead there emerges a clearly defined list of suggestions now deemed practicable. While no doubt is left that Washington takes the Kellogg-Briand Pact and other peace treaties quite seriously, stress is laid upon eight measures: rounding out the London Naval Agreement by extending the date and reconciling the claims of France and Italy; a further assent to proportional reduction of navy strength in the interest of economy; the abolition of submarines (possibly the least hopeful of all the notions advanced); development of protection against air raids on civilian populations; outlawing gas and bacteriology; restricting offensive weapons such as tanks; a limitation of expenditures on materials. These suggestions can be heartily endorsed by all of Mr. Gibson's fellow citizens. And though they seem moderate, they will get farther and do more for the American point of view abroad than any number of fantastic and extreme demands nobody would swallow while life remained within him.

IN 1917 the United States undertook to raise, train and equip an army of millions to fight overseas and to bring to a victorious close the greatest of all wars. The idea was looked upon with scepticism in many quarters; it could have been realized more easily and successfully if a little precautionary training had been indulged in previously; in not a few respects it led to waste and prodigality; but it succeeded none the less. Today the selfsame United States has elected to triumph over years of depression and mounting economic disasters by trying the most stupendous invention for the quickening of credit ever resorted to by a government. The Glass-Steagall bill is not unlike the conscription act in so far as it stakes the resources of the country on the country's business. All the gold resources on hand are to be mobilized: that is, government bonds are to be recognized as a sound basis for the issue of currency, provided the 40 percent bullion coverage required by law can be maintained. This "new" money can then be pumped into channels at present deprived of needed credit by hoarding and ineligibility. In essence, of course, it amounts to a freer grant of loans on collateral, and thus carries us, in a kind of reverse, to the conditions prevailing in 1927. Then the banks were empowered to lend money on the par value or more of securities, with the object of bolstering up prosperity. Now the same power is granted by the creation of fresh funds and new rules, for the purpose of halting deflation. Perhaps the most important feature of the Glass-Steagall bill, however, is the amount of authority granted the Federal Reserve system. Some restrictions remain, but on the whole the system forms a "board of strategy" the like of which has not been seen since the demise of the several GHQ's. The war is on now in earnest, and the world may in all truth await the outcome with bated breath.

Easier Money

THERE is food for thought in the analysis which C. Patrick Thompson presents in the *Herald Tribune,* of the current effort to launch an official Youth Movement in England. Precocious apathy and cynicism; a preference among young laborers for living on the dole, and among young aristocrats for drifting along somehow on a shrunken inheritance without any effort to increase it; a lack of any sort of virile ambition; an indifference to the proud old catchwords, and the old, sure rallying-points of politics—these suggest a social and moral picture that the mature leaders of England may well find disturbing. It is understandable that they should look with envy upon the power, if not the content, of philosophies like Fascism, Hitlerism, Bolshevism, whose chief vitality lies in their ability to attract and use the young. But that it should be supposed that the recent personal appeal of the Prince of Wales to England's youth to be up and doing, will take the place of a philosophy, seems only another symptom of the trouble. The Prince of Wales, it is true, is one of the few successful hereditary rulers left alive. But no ruler can function in a vacuum of ideals, and that is apparently what has come to pass. Right or wrong, naive or considered, it was a set of dynamic beliefs about England that made Englishmen energetic, hopeful, outward-looking. For whatever causes—industrialism, or the war, or the wearing out of the Reformation compromise—great numbers of their young men seem to have lost those beliefs. A belief in Youth and the Prince of Wales will probably not be found an adequate substitute.

De Nobis Fabula?

WE CONSIDER these things, not to lecture England for her failure, nor to assert that it is irremediable, but to ponder how our own country can avoid duplicating it. The American youth problem, thankfully be it said, has not yet reached the dimensions shadowed forth by the desperate rally of the Youth Movement. But there is such a problem. Here, as well

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as there, impaired national ideals confuse the immature and vitiate their power; and no American can truthfully say that he does not recognize here, *mutatis mutandis,* the presence if not the proportions of every one of the effects of that impairment listed by Mr. Thompson. That we are still healthy, in the main, is probably due as much to accident as to our conscious efforts. The mere brevity of our national life has prevented spiritual exhaustion; the failure, so often deplored, of our intellectual youth to enter politics, has at least partly preserved their illusions; our vast resources, and the fluid chances of our way of life, have kept our *esprit de corps* alive. But, though energy and hope and outward-looking are still natural to us, they are even now less natural than they were. And they will be steadily less natural if we do not meet the challenges of the present in the best spirit of the American tradition rather than the worst spirit of American practice: specifically, if we do not repudiate the abnormal materialism and the iniquitous inequalities against which the depression is a warning sickness; if we do not work with inspired resolution to refound the common happiness and security which were the original reason of our national existence. Tall words, perhaps. But there is the first authority for believing that where there is no vision, the people perish; and the young perish most wretchedly of all, by never being brought to a social and spiritual maturity.

Typography

WE WERE among many who were gratified at the awarding last month of the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts to Porter Garnett, Master of the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology of Pittsburgh, "in recognition of the inspiration he has given to young men entering the craft of printing." Though we ourselves do not always feel young—at other times we must confess that of course we do—we are among those who are indebted to the inspiration of Mr. Garnett. When THE COMMONWEAL was about to spread its sails in the perilous seas of publication, to travel from day to day, and from ports beyond the stars, and others right at home, with cargoes of tidings, Mr. Garnett kindly had an eye to its rigging. The type used for the title was one that he suggested; it is modeled on a Roman used by the Stamperia Vaticana. He further rendered valuable assistance in arranging the typographical dress of the magazine, and though the old hooker (she is actually seven years old now, going on eight) may flounder a bit now and then, and the crew not be as conscientious as they might in killing widows or marrying them, on the whole we think she presents a decent appearance. The Stamperia Vaticana, by the way, housed in the Vatican next to the Vatican Library, was founded half a millineum ago, so that in some parts we feel ourselves heritors of the arts and labors of our fellow workers through the ages. We haven't that fierce despite for other men of other times that the so-called moderns feel to be necessary to give them the strength to stand on their own legs. We like to run up and down the corridors of time and shout hello at the things we see as well as trot along obediently in the present moment.

THESE are perhaps rather random reflections which Mr. Garnett's honors have occasioned, but a little leisured indirection, if not persisted in at all times, is an amenity like walking that is often neglected nowadays. To be practical, we might pass along the fact that the *Publishers' Weekly* for February 6 has a splendidly informative article about Mr. Garnett and the Laboratory Press, which we recommend to those who are interested in fine typography, especially to those who are young men who might like to cultivate the art, whether from the idea of some day devoting themselves to presswork that is not simply taken by number out of the style books in some of the manifold commercial uses of printing, or, amiable prospect, from the idea of some time having a private press. Possibly we might close these paragraphs with the quotation which the *Publishers' Weekly* informs us Mr. Garnett assigns to the beginners in fine printing: "The men of my generation who wish to live the creative life on any level will have to devote much of their energies to the task of resisting exploitation." To which we would only add, to make the whole thing practical, one of the petitions from the Our Father.

Apostolate of Philosophy

THOSE of our readers who have an informed interest in the modern developments of, and researches into, Scholasticism, will wish to share the congratulations we hereby extend to a leading neo-Scholastic authority, whose apostolic zeal matches his learning. The Reverend John S. Zybura, whose name is happily no stranger to THE COMMONWEAL's columns, received a letter recently from a Japanese convert and scholar: "Three years ago I was a very egocentric Protestant. My thought was modernistic and sceptical. About four years ago I began to read diligently some works on Catholic philosophy, but somehow I received the impression that this philosophy, like others, would be destroyed and superseded by other philosophies. . . . Then I read your work, 'Present-day Thinkers and the New Scholasticism.' I cannot doubt that this eminent book is most noteworthy, not only for Catholics but for others. Recollecting the process of my own conversion, I earnestly want to do something to help the pagan Japanese students. So I will be very glad if you give me permission to translate this remarkable work into Japanese." Any writer is enviable whose subject and attitude meet that most difficult test of the universal presented by an alien tongue and an alien culture. Doubly happy must he be whose subject, thus successfully communicated, is nothing less than the proper ordering of men's minds toward the central realities, secular and eternal; and whose attitude, em-

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bracing the disinterested love of truth implied in the very title "philosopher," embraces also the living love for souls implied in the title "priest of God."

Ceremony in the Bahamas

A PICTURESQUE aspect of American Catholic history was relegated to the past on February 7, when Cardinal Hayes officiated at the installation of the Right Reverend Bernard Kevenhoerster, of the Benedictines, as prefect apostolic of the Bahama Islands. Heretofore these islands have been a far-away spiritual dependency of the Archbishopric of New York; and virtually every year an episcopal voyage to Nassau was both a burden and a pleasure. Now all has been made to conform with the needs of the Church in the islands—needs created by expanding missionary effort and also by the vastness of New York and its cares. For many years the Benedictines have ministered to the islands, and it is fitting that one among them should have been given charge. Father Bernard is well known in the United States, where his interest in city parish organization and his devotion to liturgical ideals have left their mark. And we suppose that the pageant in the open—a holy, but also colorful pageant, which princes of the Church and officers of the state witnessed—must have seemed to him both as picturesque as Monte Cassino itself and as earnest a charge to further hard work as the very Rule of Saint Benedict itself.

Disinterested Praise

A TRIBUTE to the Catholic clergy suffering persecution in Russia, has come to notice. *Ecclesia,* a periodical published in Switzerland for the Russian émigrés of the Orthodox faith, recently carried a description of the sufferings, physical and moral, inflicted by the Bolshevists on the priests and ministers of all denominations. They are, it is stated, deprived of bread cards and of cards permitting them to buy clothing and are crushed under taxes applicable specially to them. Not content with persecuting the priest himself, the authorities even extend the persecution to the members of his family. "It is not therefore astonishing," the writer continues, "that under such conditions, apostasies have occurred, of Orthodox priests, of Jewish rabbis, and of ministers of other denominations. But these apostates, though they may go over to the Bolsheviks, do not succeed in gaining their confidence. For a period of five years after their submission, they continue to be subjected to a most rigid surveillance, with the object of determining whether or not they are truly apostates and have become good Communists. They are, moreover, never appointed to any position in the public service. The Catholic priests suffer the persecution more courageously, either because they are better prepared, or because, being free from family ties, they are more independent and therefore better able to suffer hunger and misery."

The Calvert Associates

THERE are already preliminary rumblings of the Calvert Associates' annual celebration of the founding of Maryland, and particularly of the establishment there for the first time on our continent of the principle of religious freedom and the separation of Church and State, which has been one of the proudest accomplishments of our commonwealth. This much is definite, that the evening of April 8 has been settled on and the governor of the Free State will speak. Other important matters are forward but their announcement will be reserved for a later date when the inevitable interrelation of details into a well-ordered whole shall have been further worked out. Our enthusiasms are as keen as those of any editor of a local newspaper, and we wish our friends to begin to look toward April 8 when we earnestly believe a good time will be had by all, and our heritage of freedom in the United States will have been clearly redefined by eminent Americans.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PATTER

BEING the President of the United States is still the most entrancing form of American existence. From the purely epicurean point of view there is, of course, something to be said against an office which is as open to the public as an old-fashioned hayrick is to the winds of heaven. But the White House is an automatic introduction to enduring historical reputation, and a stage of such dimensions that the right kind of actor can play a number of heroic parts. At any rate, there is no dearth of candidates for the job; and even the willingness to be a "dark horse" remains a more universal aspect of the national psychology than most of us imagine.

The Republicans appear to be firmly committed to Mr. Hoover. That he satisfies all of them perfectly is a myth which not even the most trusting child in Iowa will believe, but there is undoubtedly a growing tendency to be better satisfied with him. Several reasons are available. First, like the groundhog, the President has emerged and seen his shadow. The days of relentless and meaningless battle with rival politicians are over, now that the ideas sponsored by the administration are bigger and more complex than the usual senatorial debating topics. Second, Mr. Hoover has subjected himself to a rather thorough course of training. The nation's leading citizens, all of them anxious and some of them badly scared, have been invited to Washington and asked to speak their minds. Naturally the results must, in the aggregate, have been very impressive. Under the pressure of events, old-time blarney itself came to resemble a missile rather than an orchid. In short: America has taken what is customarily referred to as an awful licking, and the President has necessarily been the first in line.

At all events, Mr. Hoover enters the presidential campaign decidedly better equipped than one might

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have expected. One year ago, he was drifting slowly out on the sea of utter failure, propelled by his own manifest want of leadership. The moratorium proposal in June of last year seems to have rescued him. This failed, was probably bound to fail. But for the first time in his career as chief executive Mr. Hoover was dealing with the current business standstill as something larger and more dangerous than a scare. He emerged from provincialism—the provincialism of Washington—into that arena of facts and forces where the world is actually fighting. Theretofore economists of the highest standing had argued in vain for attention to the credit structure. They had pointed to the tyrannical sway of the price level, and had shown how badly a catastrophic "financial freeze" was blighting the nation's industry. No apparent ear was strained in Washington to catch the drift of their remarks. Now all is different. A $2,000,000,000 pumping station has been designed and equipped to save the nation from bamboozling itself into bankruptcy. Mr. Dawes has (in baseball parlance) been shifted to the infield; Mr. Mellon has gone to the outfield. Which is all as it should be.

The great Hoover weakness is the stand on prohibition. Nothing on earth can keep the wet-dry issue out of politics, and the President is unfortunately so situated that already disgruntled Republican groups will almost certainly desert if their leader issues more talk about a "noble experiment." But he is likewise endowed with a fortunate chance: he can alter his position! This would cost him nothing and would earn for him an enthusiastic popular support, the equivalent of which he can hope to get from no other source. In such wise are many Republican savants now reasoning, and it remains to be seen if they are in touch with reality.

So much for the Republican situation. The Democrats have already plunged deeply into the murk of conflict and danger. Governor Roosevelt's campaign opened auspiciously enough, but has hardly been aided by the relatively evasive and beside-the-point utterances which played the initial notes in his vote-getting melody. Thereupon followed an announcement from Alfred E. Smith—an announcement almost as cryptic as it was clear. It stated (a) that Mr. Smith would do nothing to put himself forward as a nominee, and (b) that plenty of other folks would accomplish all that for him. The cryptic aspect arises out of prevalent ignorance concerning these others. Who are they? Obviously they are not the friends of Governor Roosevelt.

Indeed, the battle between these two may wax as hot as the one-time conflict between Messrs. Smith and McAdoo. If this came to pass, the result of the Democratic endeavors to nominate somebody might resemble the product of 1924, with the difference that Southern and Western delegations might evince a determination to get away from the East. There are several manifestly favored sons—Messrs. Ritchie, Garner and Baker. We have arranged these with what seems to us, at present, climatic order. Ritchie is growing stronger day by day. But on such subjects one man's guess is another man's poison.

For the moment, attention must be fixed on the two New York protagonists. In all probability, few persons question either the ability of Mr. Smith or his integrity as a citizen. In one of the best papers ever written about his political significance (see the *Forum*, December, 1931), Mr. Alva Johnston declared: "If Al were a Methodist, a Mennonite, a Muggletonian, a Holy Roller or Hook-and-eye Amishman, his nomination and election in 1932 would be foregone conclusions. But he was so badly advised as to be born in the Church of Rome." On the other hand, the same Mr. Johnston reminds us, Al was born under a lucky star. He did not win the election in 1928, and is not therefore responsible for the panic, the increase in the crime wave and the riots in Shanghai. Can it be that the nation will rally to the happy warrior on the hunch that his good luck may be communicative?

The answer to that question—or at least the answer so far as the nomination is concerned—lies with Governor Roosevelt. He handled the opening phases of his march to the Presidency with tact and amiability. So gradual was the steady progress toward the goal that even now, when we have entered into the second stage, many people refuse to believe that it has happened at all. But beyond any question, the governor was effectively groomed and widely accepted as an exceedingly likely candidate. All of this Mr. Smith could have stopped at well-nigh any moment. A year ago he could have stated explicitly that he himself intended to run again. That would have shunted Albany out of the circuit. Now the Roosevelt boom has progressed too far to permit an arbitrary halt. The two New Yorkers are locked in open battle; and the only possible truce would be that startlingly produced by a Roosevelt surrender. If that occurs, we shall be the most thoroughly astonished of mortals.

It begins to look as if the Smith forces properly so called—that is, groups in certain large American cities—had suddenly decided that the present Governor of New York was not their man. The final results of this hypothetical decision will follow in the first instance Mr. Roosevelt's demonstration of himself as a master politician, and in the second instance the choice made by the South and West. At any rate, this present indecision is certainly not a Republican disaster. Mr. Hoover will possess henceforth about five times as much "chance" as he has owned during the past three years. Gentlemen, it will be an exciting year. For our part, we have enjoyed the staid comment of the New York *Times*: "What promised at one time to be a rather tame competition for the Democratic nomination will hereafter be bristling with excitement. When one of the contestants is named 'Al' Smith, none of the others can afford for an instant to be off their guard."

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BISHOP PERRY AND THREE DOCTORS

By T. LAWRASON RIGGS

The Holy Father's recent plea for Church union was responded to, in the United States, by authoritative representatives of various communions dissident from Rome. Among the rejoinders none was so widely heeded as Bishop James De Wolf Perry's outline of the broader Anglican view, upheld in this country by the great majority of those who adhere to the Protestant Episcopal Church. With it Father Riggs concerns himself in the accompanying paper, devoting his attention specifically to the query as to what view of papal claims was held by the Fathers.—The Editors.

THE MOST REVEREND JAMES DE WOLF PERRY, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered on January 10, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a sermon on the reunion of Christendom. It was largely a reply to the Holy Father's recent encyclical. As one would expect, Bishop Perry, while ranging himself with other Protestant leaders who have expressed their views on "Lux Veritatis," was courteous in the extreme. He described the Pope's message as "a sincere and gracious appeal" which "should have respect and reply from those whom it most concerns." As one would also expect, the Episcopal bishop's disagreement with the Holy See is just as fundamental, perhaps more so, as in the days when Anglicans saw no reason to deal politely with "the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities."

To an extent befitting the presiding officer of a church remarkable for the variety of teaching it contains, Bishop Perry regards his communion as both Catholic and Protestant. He believes that it represents, with the Eastern Orthodox Church, "two branches of Catholic Christendom, both possessing Apostolic orders of the ministry, both preserving historic creeds, both receiving as the means of grace the Catholic sacraments." He refers also, however, to "that great Protestant world, in the thought and life of which our Church is privileged to share," and whose basic principles are "the right of private judgment" and "the test of scriptural authority." The church of the future, for which Bishop Perry so earnestly hopes, "the reunited Body of Christ" as he describes it, must therefore be both Protestant and Catholic.

This point of view, typical of Broad Church Anglicanism, cannot be fully discussed here. I shall not argue as to whether Bishop Perry's platform is in accordance with the mind of Our Lord, nor as to how far it is intelligible and self-consistent. I shall concern myself solely with his appeal to certain of the Fathers, namely, Athanasius, Augustine and Jerome.

A venerable and impressive voice of Catholic authority has already been raised amongst us in reply to Bishop Perry and his fellow critics of the encyclical. I refer to the pastoral letter of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, written on his departure to erect a prefecture apostolic in the Bahamas as representative of the Holy See. The occasion for the cardinal's journey was an object lesson in the meaning of the Feast of Saint Peter's Chair at Rome, on which the letter was issued. "I go," His Eminence wrote, "sent by Peter's successor in the Primatial Chair of the Prince of the Apostles. I bear with me the credentials issued by Pope Pius XI as the successor of Peter, sealed with the Ring of the Fisherman. My commission to the Bahamas is only another link in the centuries-long chain of unbroken continuity from Christ to Peter in the spread of the Kingdom."

Without mentioning the names of those to whom he is replying, Cardinal Hayes goes on to mention the most noteworthy patristic testimony for the Petrine primacy. His succinct and forceful statement should reassure such Catholics as may have been perplexed by references like those made by Bishop Perry. His Eminence, though with necessary brevity, has most admirably summarized the proofs from which any open-minded man can learn that, whether or not the Papacy is right, the Fathers referred to were quite certainly believers in its essential claims. The Catholics of New York City are to be congratulated on their privilege of receiving from their shepherd in Christ a message as enlightening as it is authoritative.

For those who wish to pursue further the study of matters involved there is, as to Saint Athanasius, Newman's classic work on "The Arians of the Fourth Century," besides his "Select Treatises of Saint Athanasius," with their especially relevant volume of notes. As to papal origins, there is Dr. Adrian Fortescue's recently reprinted little book on "The Early Papacy," a marvel, like all his works, of scholarly compression. Dom John Chapman's "Studies on the Early Papacy" is also an invaluable work of the highest scholarship. "The Eastern Churches and the Papacy," by the Reverend S. Herbert Scott, may with peculiar propriety be recommended to Bishop Perry himself, being by a scholar of his own communion. It investigates exhaustively

> the reasons which led to the separation of Constantinople from Rome and the See of Rome, which hitherto had been recognized throughout the East as the Apostolic See and as the common center of Christendom.

It is in the hope that some of my readers may be led to the study of such authorities as these, on which my remarks are largely based, that I proceed to the consideration of Bishop Perry's citations.

Saint Athanasius is quoted as a witness to the principle of the sufficiency of Scripture, a principle obviously Protestant, and alleged by Bishop Perry to be

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also Catholic in the truest sense of the word. Athanasius is quoted as saying:

> In them alone [the Scriptures] is the instruction of religion revealed, to which let no man add, from which let none detract. They are sufficient of themselves for the enunciation of truth.

In the first sentence quoted by Bishop Perry, Saint Athanasius has just given the list of the canonical books of Scripture, a matter, be it noted, impossible to determine from Scripture itself and essentially dependent on tradition. He continues:

> These are the founts of salvation, for satisfying him who thirsts for the messages contained therein. In these alone is the teaching of piety proclaimed. Let no one add anything to them, let none detract from them.

As noted in a recent sermon by the Reverend John Corbett, S. J., the second sentence quoted by the bishop is not found in the "Thirty-ninth Festal Letter" of Saint Athanasius, from which the first is taken. It does occur, however, at the beginning of the saint's "Discourse against the Gentiles," where it needs to be interpreted in the light of its context. The passage runs thus:

> The holy and inspired Scriptures are indeed themselves sufficient for the proclaiming of truth; and there are also many treatises of our blessed teachers composed for this purpose. If anyone reads them he may know what the interpretation of the Scriptures is and be able to obtain the understanding which he desires. But since we have not now at hand the compositions of the masters, it is necessary to declare and to write to thee those things that we have learned from them.

At a time after the Protestant principle of private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture had been invented, it is likely that a Catholic would have expressed himself more carefully. Nevertheless, in their contexts, and taken in connection with Saint Athanasius's general attitude, these passages are obviously entirely Catholic in their sentiments. Again and again the Alexandrian Doctor, like others before him, makes it clear that Scripture is to be interpreted in accordance with the tradition of the Catholic Church, and thus alone. He writes to Bishop Adelphius:

> Our faith is orthodox, issuing from Apostolic teaching and the tradition of the Fathers, confirmed from the New and Old Testament.

Of course his Arian opponents appealed to Scripture also, and argued against the term *homoousios* as unscriptural. And of these and other innovators against tradition, Athanasius declares that,

> laying down their private impiety as some sort of rule, they wrest all the divine oracles into accordance with it . . . They make the language of Scripture their pretense; but, instead of the true sense, sowing upon it the private poison of their heresy.

Twelve hundred years later Martin Luther proclaimed that the Scriptures may be interpreted by everyone, even by the "humble miller's maid, nay, by a child of nine if it has the faith"; that the "opinion of all Christendom" may be disregarded if necessary; that "the sheep must judge whether the pastors teach in Christ's own tone." Surely there could be no more striking contrast!

It is, of course, perfectly true that the Protestant appeal to Scripture alone, though theoretically an appeal to the private interpretation of the individual, had to be modified in practice in so far as Protestants cared to maintain any dogmatic agreement within their respective groups. In appearance at least, Bishop Perry so modifies the Protestant principles of private judgment and the appeal to Scripture by saying that they are "consciously subject to enlightenment and guidance by the corporate mind and authority of the whole Church." It is hard to say what he means by this characteristically Anglican phraseology in view of the well-nigh complete freedom of belief, and of Scriptural interpretation, prevailing in the Anglican communion itself, and in view of his statement that

> wherever appear in any Christian communion articles of belief, expressions of loyalty and allegiance, standards of truth and of life, these are elements waiting to be gathered into the reunited Body of Christ.

At any rate nothing could be further from the convictions of the great Trinitarian Doctor, for whom the Church was not a vision of the future, but a visibly united and indefectible reality of the present, and who spent his life opposing the views of a communion which professed to be both Christian and scriptural. In Newman's words:

> [To Athanasius], opposition to the witness of the Church, separation from its communion, private judgment overbearing the authorized catechetical teaching, the fact of a denomination as men now speak, this is a self-condemnation.

Bishop Perry does not raise the question of Athanasius's relations with Rome. They are important as showing how the saint acknowledged in practice the superior jurisdiction of the Pope. A detailed study of the circumstances under which, as Cardinal Hayes notes, Athanasius, "though Patriarch of Alexandria, obeyed the summons of Pope Julius to come to Rome," may be found in Dom Chapman's book.

According to Bishop Perry, however, Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine did not recognize any superior authority of the Pope. In discussing these allegations, which have frequently been made by other Anglicans, it should be noted that Catholic scholars fully recognize the extent to which the exercise of papal jurisdiction and the administrative relations of the Pope with the Church, have developed since the period in question. It is also true that, like other doctrines, Catholic teaching concerning the Papacy has developed, in the

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sense of becoming more fully stated, more explicit, more clearly and universally realized. What a Catholic can expect to find in the testimony of the early Fathers is the essentials of the doctrine. Fortescue has shown how amply these essentials are therein found. Though this discussion can give only a small part of the evidence, we shall recognize these essentials to a marked extent even in a brief glance at the positions of Jerome and Augustine.

A passage from Saint Jerome's "Letter to Evangelus" is rendered by Bishop Perry as follows:

> The custom of the Roman Church has no more authority than any other. The episcopate at Rome has no more authority essentially than any other episcopate. Wherever there are bishops, at Rome, or at Constantinople, or at Alexandria, they have the same merit, the same priesthood. They are all successors of the Apostles.

As Father Corbett pointed out in his sermon, the quotation is not an accurate one. It omits important features, and its most significant sentence is not contained in the original at all. Of course I do not accuse Bishop Perry of deliberate responsibility for this. However, either his memory or his sources were inaccurate. The passage reads in fact as follows:

> For what does a bishop do that a priest does not, except ordain? Nor is the Church of the city of Rome one thing and the Church of all the rest of the world another. Gaul and Britain, Africa and Persia, and India, and all barbarian nations, adore one Christ and observe one rule of charity. If authority is looked for, the world is greater than the city. Wheresoever a bishop is—whether at Rome or at Eugubium, at Constantinople or at Rhegium, or at Alexandria, or at Tanis, he is of the same worth, and also of the same priesthood. The power of riches and the lowliness of poverty do not make a bishop more exalted or more low. Besides they are all successors of the Apostles.

Now in order to understand this passage one must realize why Jerome wrote the letter. He has heard that "someone has burst out into such madness as to prefer deacons before priests—that is, before bishops," for he held that the distinction between priests and bishops was at most of Apostolic origin. The exact nature of his peculiar views on the subject, as well as their orthodoxy, are much controverted and need not be here discussed. At any rate, the purpose of his characteristically excited and rather confused letter was to put deacons in their place by emphasizing the superiority of all bishops. The latter, he says, are equal *as to their priesthood—not* in "authority." He illustrates this by mentioning some very important and powerful bishops in contrast to some very unimportant ones. The latter were quite certainly, by ecclesiastical law, under the jurisdiction of the former. Saint Jerome's point is lost, as Dom Chapman says,

> unless we realize that the difference between the Bishop of Rome, the successor of the Prince of Apostles, or the Pope of Alexandria, who ruled the bishops of Egypt with despotic power, and an ordinary Bishop of Tanis or Rhegium or Eugubium, was enormous, and similarly with the Bishop of Constantinople, the emperor's adviser and a would-be patriarch.

Saint Jerome goes on to express his emphatic disagreement with certain liturgical customs prevalent at Rome in regard to deacons—those important clerics who afterwards became the cardinal deacons. It is in regard to such customs that, "if authority is looked for, the world is greater than the city." In other words, in spite of unbecoming privileges exercised by their fellows at Rome, deacons are to realize that bishops, great and small, having all the same priesthood, are all superior to deacons.

Saint Jerome is, of course, in accordance with Catholic teaching in stating that the Pope is equal *in orders* to any other bishop. Does he deny the supremacy of the Pope's jurisdiction, or even regard it as of merely ecclesiastical origin? There is nothing in this letter to show it, and there is abundant testimony to the contrary elsewhere in his writings. Thus, in his work against Jovinian, he says that, though the Church was founded on all the Apostles, and all received the keys, yet Saint Peter was chosen *by Our Lord* among the twelve "that by the setting up of a head the occasion of schism might be removed." That is to say, he acknowledges a primacy of jurisdiction given by Our Lord to Peter. "As Plato was prince of philosophers," he writes against the Pelagians in his old age, "so is Peter of the Apostles."

That Jerome considered this primacy to have been inherited by the successors of Peter is evident from his letters to Pope Damasus. He writes:

> I have considered that I ought to consult the Chair of Peter and the faith praised by the mouth of the Apostle [Paul].

And again:

> Following none in the first place but Christ, I am in communion with your beatitude, that is, with the Chair of Peter. On that rock I know the Church is built. Whosoever shall eat the Lamb outside that house is profane. If any be not with Noe in the ark, he shall perish beneath the sway of the deluge.

In the evening of his life he writes to Demetrias:

> I feel that I ought with the deepest affection to give you this advice: to hold the faith of holy Innocent, who is the successor and son of that man [Pope Anastasius], and of the Apostolic See, and not to receive any foreign doctrine, however prudent and clever you may think yourself to be.

In spite of the views which Bishop Perry shares with other Anglicans, Saint Jerome was an ardent supporter of papal authority, and remained such throughout his life.

So also was Saint Augustine. He says indeed, as Bishop Perry tells us, that Christ is the Head of the

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Church and that "His Body is the Church, not this Church or that, but the Church scattered throughout the world." And he speaks as a Catholic, for the Church, according to his constant teaching, is visibly one and indefectible, the pillar and ground of truth. His whole controversy with the Donatists, schismatics rather than heretics, bears witness to a conception of the Church, more fully developed of course than that of Athanasius, but equally contradictory to Bishop Perry's. The Episcopal bishop speaks of a Church now unfortunately broken into fragments. He considers it possible for the mystical Body of Christ to be torn into *disjecta membra,* which are one day, he hopes, to heal their schisms by the strange process of ignoring all their heresies, though the bishop carefully avoids the use of such obsolete and disparaging terms. If there is any guilty responsibility for the separation of the East and of England from Rome, it is, we learn, to be ascribed to the Holy See!

Augustine's Church, in his time as in our own, though *diffusa,* can never be *disjecta.* Nor can it ever include schismatics or heretics, for its divinely appointed center of unity is the See of Rome. There, says the African Doctor, "the primacy of the Apostolic See has always flourished." After a decision from Rome, *causa finita est,* the debate is closed. Concerning this see, Augustine, in his "Psalm against the Party of Donatus," uttered words that all Christians who are separated from Catholic unity would do well to ponder:

> You know what the Catholic Church is, and what it is to be cut off from the vine;
> If any among you are careful, let them come, let them live in the root . . .
> Come, brethren, if you will, that you may be grafted on to the vine!
> It is sad for us to see you thus lying cut off;
> Or count the priests from the Chair of Peter itself,
> And in that list of Fathers see who succeeds to whom.
> That is the rock which the proud gates of hell do not conquer.

PEIPING, 1932

By CATHERINE TALTY KENNY

HERE am I, an American woman in old Peiping on the eastern front—three and one-half hours from Tientsin, twelve hours from Chin Chow. I am comfortably settled in the Grande Hotel, the city's most famous and popular clearing-house and whispering gallery for national and foreign intelligentsia and social leaders. Here daily come the generals and the captains and the war lords of China and Japan. Reuter News despatches setting forth the progress of Japan's advance are posted hourly in the lobby. Underneath my window is a parade ground where three times a day Japanese troops garrisoned in the city hold machine-gun drill. A half block away is the American Legation, and the sight of the flag floating above it is comforting and reassuring.

Are the foreign residents disturbed or nervous at the Japanese advance? The lobby of the Grande Hotel gives no indication of it. They dine, drink, dance, give parties, marry and die just as if there were no invasion. The socially prominent Chinese mingle with them, and if they are worried they do not show it. Careful emergency plans and preparations have been made by the various legations in the event that any trouble should occur, and written instructions have been given to all nationals. If hostilities begin, the American nationals will be warned by the firing of a gun from the legation and a signal will be run up on the mast tower. A marine guard will come and safely escort us (let us hope) to the legation.

During the Tientsin trouble, the atmosphere here was very tense, although no one dared speak the fear each felt. An attempt had been made to bomb the home of a Japanese official.

One night as I was dressing for dinner, I heard what I thought was a cannon shot. I rushed to the window from which the American Legation was visible, but no signals were displayed. I spent a few moments trying to convince myself that years of residence at naval stations had taught me to distinguish between cannon shots and automobile backfire. I hastily finished dressing and went to the lobby, hoping that my elaborate nonchalance would at least cover any defects in my hasty toilette. All the guests of the hotel had assembled there, and there were audible sighs of relief when the management explained that the Japanese were testing their signals to see if their nationals would hear their signals and respond to them.

The city has been under martial law for weeks, but at this writing the situation is quieter and some of the more stringent regulations have been slightly relaxed. Seven o'clock is curfew, and all movies, restaurants, bars, cabarets and shops are closed. The streets are patrolled by Chinese soldiers armed with revolvers and drawn bayonets. Last week, returning late from a dinner party, I was stopped seven times within seven blocks—not with a polite Chinese apology, but with a "Halt," a bayonet within a few inches of my neck, and a revolver pointed at me. I gave the magic password, "Vaggarine," meaning foreigner, spoke at length of my 100-percent American lineage, and was allowed to proceed another block. After repeating this procedure six times, it was easy to promise my trembling ricksha boy that I would keep better hours.

In America, you probably hear a great deal of Chinese bandits. Their depredations are Japan's declared motive for invasion. Who are they, and why

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are they a menace? They are the guerrillas and mob remnants of the Chinese army. No enlisted army in the world, I am sure, looks as ragged, bedraggled and dirty as the Chinese troops I have seen. They are paid only a few cents a day and many of the regiments now on duty in Manchuria have not been paid their dole for months. Another consideration is that the most dishonorable profession in China is that of a private soldier. The type of man who enlists is from the dregs and refuse of the nation. In contrast, their "generals" (and I must have seen and met a regiment of them in my five months' residence here) are men of distinction, power and influence. Considering the economic and social degradation that is the lot of the average Chinese soldier, it is surprising that more of them do not attempt to take a short cut to satisfy the elemental human wants of food, shelter and clothing by joining the outlaw guerrilla bands.

It would be untruthful to minimize the danger to life and property in some of the outlying provinces from these guerrillas. Bandits there certainly are in China, and when I am outside the city walls on a sightseeing trip, I look surreptitiously at my recently acquired $35.00 jade ring ("Beeg bargain, Missie"). I can remember two years ago sitting in the California sun reading my morning paper, and being thrilled and shocked at the story of a lady returning from the opera in Chicago being stripped of her very valuable jewelry. Since I have been in Peiping, a brief Reuter despatch told me of a wealthy woman dress manufacturer in Kansas City who had been kidnapped and held for ransom. There are gangsters in America, but they never disturbed my fifty-year conventional career of housewife, mother and citizen. I console myself with the thought that if I am kidnapped in China, my ransom can be paid in Mex, and if I am robbed, what little jewelry I have with me was bought at Chinese bargain prices.

Peiping is the one city in China where you can see native life untouched and uninfluenced by foreign discipline and regulation, and at the same time live and move in comfort. The hotels are good, the food is interesting, the streets excellent, and automobiles and rickshas easily available. But oh, what an abomination the dust is! Everything that is richest and most interesting in Chinese life, art and workmanship is here. It is the metropolis, and all that is best in China for the past seven centuries has gravitated to it. It has the largest universities, finest art collection, richest temples and most magnificent palaces in the East.

The climate is severe; extremely hot and cold in seasons. In winter the poorer classes, to protect themselves from the biting cold of the Gobi Desert winds, clothe themselves in a series of coats of the cheapest materials padded with cotton or paper. The day's temperature is designated as "a three-coat day" or "a five-coat day." Characteristically Chinese in a superlative degree, Peiping goes along with its life in its own Chinese complacency, oblivious to the little foreign colony in the Legation Quarter and generally quite indifferent to the thoughts and ways of Westerners or foreigners who come and go.

The excellence of Peiping's shops is traditional. Every woman traveling in the Orient is told: "Wait till you get to Peiping before you buy." The political situation has, of course, completely demoralized trade. Foreign stores both within and without the Legation Area are suffering because of low exchange of gold, decreased salaries and loss of employment by many foreigners stationed here. Japanese stores, except for their own nationals and some foreign patrons, are all but out of business, because of the effectiveness of the boycott. Chinese stores display no Japanese goods. Sealed and ready any moment for confiscation by the government are the crystals, silks, kimonas, bric-a-brac and every other Japanese commodity.

The boycott has been China's one successful reprisal weapon. Then because these highly intelligent merchants remember only too well the looting by the foreign troops, and particularly the Japanese, during the Boxer Rebellion, all their finest furs, rugs, jewels, silks and art treasures have been removed to safe hiding places and are shown only by appointment at one's residence. They are keenly feeling their loss of business, but are not ready even yet to give one the edge on a bargain. This economic stress has not to all outward appearances disturbed the traditional calm and patience of the Chinese, for they never mention it to a foreigner and one feels that here indeed is a race whose strength comes from an inner peace born of a philosophy tested through centuries.

The general opinion of every foreigner with whom I have spoken in China is vigorous condemnation of Japan's policy of occupation and aggression. China is scourged with famine, flood, pestilence and unemployment, and is appealing to the charity of the world for aid. Even while the Western world and the League of Nations, of which Japan is a great power member, argue, plead and plan disarmament, an imperialistic coup d'état is sprung on the Chinese nation by her powerfully armed neighbor. Unlike Belgium, China has no powerful forts to protect her boundaries; no Mercier to raise his voice in defiance and condemnation; no strong allies to support her with ships, soldiers, guns and money; no Wilson to speak in defense of the rights of weak nations.

Most vital of her weaknesses is that she has no single leader strong enough to unite her people for defense. The most powerful leader in northeastern China is Chang-hsueh-liang, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Northeastern China, popularly known as "The Young Marshal." But he has not the support of all other Chinese leaders or the present Canton or Nanking governments. His chief adviser, W. H. Donald, an Australian, told me: "The marshal personally is against warfare in general and civil warfare in particular. Since he regards the political maneuvering of the Chinese government at this time, when the whole

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nation should be united against an invading enemy, the crowning tragedy in China's misfortunes, it is quite possible that his resignation will have been announced before your article appears."

No doubt the American press has given a great deal of space to the student riots, and Americans must be astounded at the spectacle of 10,000 boys and girls of college age from all over China, leaving their studies, closing their schools, demanding and taking possession of trains for free transportation to Nanking, ousting all other passengers bent on duty or pleasure, and demoralizing railroad traffic for days; then, when government officials refused to receive them and their petitions, wrecking the building and making further and more positive demands that these officials be immediately dismissed and severely punished. Can you imagine Columbia or Yale or Harvard students, or even the combined strength of all American universities, marching on Washington on such a mission and being successful?

These Chinese student petitions contained definite demands. They insisted that the government do something to stop Japanese invasion, and that something was to declare war on Japan. They demanded that every university be immediately made available as a training school for officers and nurses, and that they be given guns and ammunition, and that a nation-wide conscription law be passed. They were perfectly willing to lay down their lives and shed the last drop of blood for their country. Their right to do all these things, to create this disturbance, is a Chinese tradition stronger than any written law in her code—the right of her scholars to petition and advise their government. The highest and most respected title in China is scholar. No illiterate or uneducated man, whatever other qualifications he may have, can sit in the councils of her government. American political machines would be a total loss in China.

"Even if there is nothing doing, let's at least have something said," seems to be the slogan of China's political leaders, and if words can save a nation, China is doubly secure! The columns and columns of printed statements, charges and counter-charges, directed at the Japanese and at each other, placed end to end, would certainly cover the Great Wall and add one more layer to its impregnability. The names of the political leaders change with a bewildering rapidity, and if their valedictory statements are to be believed, it is nothing but ill health cuts short their public careers. They retire to their far-away homes or to some sanitarium with nervous breakdowns, high blood pressure, weak hearts or serious kidney trouble, with such regularity that one is led to believe Chinese politics is anything but a healthy occupation. Just now there are a lot of sick men in China, and even the courageous Dr. Sze of League of Nations fame is prominently listed among the invalids.

Yesterday afternoon, I sat in my sitting-room reading an article in a two-months-old American journal, contrasting the "go-getting" Japanese and the philosophic, leisurely Chinese. Outside my window I heard a passing Chinese band play a vaguely familiar tune. I finally recognized it as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I went to the window and observed a most elaborate funeral procession passing. The size of the band, the great number of men carrying the gorgeously panoplied funeral sedan, the number and dress of the mourners who followed, told me it was the funeral of a number-one rich man. Two hours later the same band passed again under my window still playing the tune that takes me back to the Spanish-American War. This time it was leading a wedding procession. Meanwhile, during both processions, the Japanese garrison was performing its interminable machine-gun drill on the parade ground across the way.

It occurred to me that here, outside my window, was a fantastic illustration of the facts brought out by the American journalist in his study of the Chinese tempo and temperament in contrast to the Japanese. Compared to the deadly, highly organized, alert efficiency of Japan, China is formless, dawdling, vulnerable. But China has always had her own secrets of endurance and power. Always she has absorbed invaders. For centuries, so many that it makes one dizzy to think of them, China has survived, advancing the cultural ideal to which her people are devoted. The Chinese borrow any foreign tune they please to bury by or marry by—regardless of its original import. Can Japanese guns deflect China from going on about her eternal business in her own vague, inexplainable, but so far unconquerable way?

Mille Fleurs Tapestry

A thousand flowers wait on thee,
  Brave vestured, nobly curled—
A lady in thine elegance
  Alone of all the world—
And here's a blue-a-golden knot
  To point thy damask shoe,
And here's to bind thy crisped locks
  With silver bells and blue;
Here's marguerite to fold and pleat,
  To cincture, here's the rose—
So sit thee down, compose thy gown,
  Softly thy book unclose.

That cedar hath a solemn shade;
  Its silence like a bell
At noon recall thy diligence
  Till Ave thrice thou tell.
And look not up: Love like a cat
  To yonder bough hath crept,
To charm thee, wound thee, rob thine heart
  Of ease so brief time kept.
Whilst thou art free, Mortality
  Spares thy sweet years one hour
Of stilly peace, a lily lease,
  Thy one-and-thousandth flower.

ANNE YOUNG.

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FRANCE AND DISARMAMENT

By MAURICE LÉON[1]

AT THE disarmament conference now in progress, no doubt the main question considered will be Germany's claim that under the Treaty of Versailles she was promised that, following her own disarmament, the other nations of the world would bring their armaments down to the level provided for Germany; that failure to carry out such a plan would justify Germany in disregarding the provisions of the Versailles Treaty limiting her armed forces.

This has been the theory of a German campaign which has raged now for years and which has been at its most acute stage during the past year. It is the Nazi doctrine and it has been voiced by others not usually reckoned among the followers of Hitler, for example, by President von Hindenburg in his recent radio address.

If the German campaign is correct in its assumptions, it should follow that we would find in the Versailles Treaty not only provisions fairly contemplating that France's army shall be reduced to the proportions specified in the treaty for Germany's army, but also that Great Britain's navy should be brought down to the treaty level provided for in the case of the German navy. If France is not fairly entitled to preponderance on land as against Germany, neither is Great Britain entitled to preponderance on the sea as against Germany. Therefore, the problem is in any event not one merely between France and Germany but a problem between Germany and the rest of the world, or such part of it as recognizes a concern in the maintenance of world peace and possesses willingness to coöperate to that end.

The Versailles Treaty and the official documents which passed between the contracting parties prior to the signature of that treaty expressing their intentions with reference to the disarmament clauses, will be scanned in vain for provisions supporting the German theory. On the contrary, the official correspondence between the Allied and Associated Powers on one side and the German Delegation on the other, demonstrates that the German contention based upon the Versailles Treaty lacks any serious foundation.

In the treaty itself there is no promise of any sort by the Allied and Associated Powers to Germany that Germany's level of armaments shall be adopted by the Allied and Associated Powers. All there is, indeed, is a unilateral statement on Germany's part by way of preamble to Part V of the treaty, as follows:

> In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow.

[1]Editor's Note: Mr. Léon's article appears solely and simply as a statement of the French point of view.

Initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations has already taken place. Considerable progress has been made in relation to naval armaments. France has been unremitting in her efforts to bring about an understanding by which the entire problem of security—not the security of France alone but the security of all nations—would be dealt with by measures of coöperation. This plan remains the sound plan. Sooner or later it will be adopted if civilization is to survive. It does not behoove Germany to cause any setback to the prospects of that plan by rendering the conditions of security for all her neighbors more precarious than they now are.

When the terms of peace were submitted to the German Delegation at Versailles, that delegation made proposals which, concerning the disarmament provisions, state the following:

> Sustained by the thought that the League of Nations proposes to carry out the idea of justice, and with the expectation that Germany may enter the League with equal privileges immediately upon the conclusion of peace, the Government of the German Republic is prepared to agree to the fundamental ideas for the regulation of army, navy and air forces as proposed in Part V. . . . The readiness of the Government of the German Republic to agree to reduce its armaments before the other powers do so is the best proof that it has *forever abandoned all militaristic and imperialistic tendencies.* [Italics mine.]

In the reply of the Allied and Associated Powers to the observations of the German Delegation on the conditions of peace, dated Paris, June 16, 1919, and addressed to the President of the German Delegation at Versailles, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, it is stated on that subject:

> The Allied and Associated Powers wish to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were not made *solely with the object of rendering it impossible for Germany to resume her policy of military aggression.* They are also the first steps toward that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote. [Italics mine.]

These provisions indicate that by common consent the general reduction and limitation of armaments was to depend upon the value of the pledge given on behalf of Germany by her delegation that she had forever abandoned all militaristic and imperialistic tendencies. Before the treaty was signed the Allied and Associated Powers made it clear to Germany that an essential object of the military, naval and air clauses in Part V of the Versailles Treaty was "the object of rendering it impossible for Germany to resume her

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policy of military aggression." While that was not the sole object, it was made plain that it was an essential object.

Part I of the Versailles Treaty consists of the Covenant of the League of Nations. After the Locarno Conference of 1925 had resulted in treaties of mutual guarantee by which Germany accepted her western boundaries under the Versailles Treaty and agreed not to resort to war to change her eastern boundaries, Germany became a member of the League of Nations and thereby became bound by the obligations of the Covenant, of which Article 8 provides:

> The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.
>
> The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each state, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments.
>
> Such plans shall be subject to reconsideration and revision at least every ten years.

These provisions of Article 8 of the Covenant express a doctrine and a policy to which France has adhered both in letter and in spirit, but the respect of which is threatened by the German armaments campaign.

It is impossible any longer to shut one's eyes to the menacing character of the Hitler-Hugenberg movement in Germany, whose aim plainly expressed is to destroy the republican institutions of Germany, tear up the Young Plan, reëstablish German armaments on a pre-war scale, deprive Poland of access to the sea through territory in which Poles heavily predominate, and establish German hegemony in Europe by carrying out the Mittel-Europa plan, which was the most essential feature of the German purpose openly avowed as long as German armies had the upper hand.

Chancellor Bruening, head of the republican coalition in the German Parliament, is the bête noire of the Hitler-Hugenberg forces whose growth in two years has been the chief political phenomenon of Europe during that period. Latterly Dr. Bruening has shown signs of weakening, particularly when he espoused the Nazi-monarchist program of destruction of the Young Plan. Not only his fate as a statesman and leader but the political fate of the republican coalition he represents—indeed the fate of free institutions in Central Europe—depends upon his remaining faithful to the spirit of international obligations, upon his resolute refusal to open the Pandora box of repudiation and thereby to betray the cause of European understanding confided to his hands by all those who are loyal to the German Republic, constituting the still sane half of the German people. When he asks the creditor powers and their creditor, the United States, to agree upon common action to prevent top-heavy tariffs and debts from remaining the insurmountable obstacles to world trade they now have become, in consequence of the suspension of the gold standard by Great Britain and many other countries, he is on unassailable ground. The creditor powers may not deny to others the right to live without imperiling their own.

The monetary crisis calls for urgent steps to improve the operation of the gold standard and preserve its essential advantages while liberating trade throughout the world from the shackles imposed by monetary instability now actually prevailing over most of the globe and feared elsewhere. It is one of the most baffling mysteries of an international situation full of so much that is strange, that after more than two years of depression, each of the great nations adheres to a policy based on the wholly exploded notion that a country can preserve its own prosperity without taking heed of the prosperity of the rest of the world. America under President Hoover is the greatest of world powers, yet clings to a policy of aloofness formulated by George Washington, not for all time, but for the period when the American republic was a puny experiment in every respect except territorial expanse. This is enough to make the victors of Yorktown turn in their graves and ask what has become of the virile ideal they bequeathed in perpetuity to the people of the United States that freedom shall not perish from the earth.

Freedom in Europe is threatened today by two great movements which, while they profess to be at war with each other in principle, have demonstrated that their methods in dealing with free institutions are essentially the same: Communism, dominant in Russia; Fascism, dominant in Italy. Where these two hold sway, freedom of speech and of the press—indeed freedom of any kind—cannot live.

The greatest safeguard on the Continent of Europe for freedom, wherever it exists in Europe, is a strong France. In France freedom of conscience, of speech and of the press, equality before the law, institutions founded on the brotherhood of man, exist, and while they are safe there, they are safe elsewhere in Europe: in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland—in fact wherever free institutions are found on the Continent, from Scandinavia to Greece and Spain. What every Frenchman knows is that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. That blessing of the Frenchman's home has been dearly bought by repeated struggles in the past 143 years. Monarchical coalitions forced the French people to relinquish freedom and turn to a strong man as a means of saving their national independence under Napoleon. Again when the Prussian Junker suppressed the movement for freedom in Germany in 1848 and the Prussian threat arose, France made Napoleon III emperor. Following the German invasion of 1870 and now for upward of sixty years, France through ups and downs has resolutely clung to free institutions, and her friends in Europe are the friends of freedom in the British Isles and on the Continent.

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Communism and Fascism alike reduce man to the status of a cog in a big machine. Freedom has a different conception of man. Only where freedom prevails does the dignity of man survive and the Golden Rule hold sway. The spirit of Fascism and of Communism is coercion; the spirit of freedom is fair play.

Which of the two shall prevail in Europe? The answer to this question will depend wholly on the willingness and ability of those who believe in fair play to work together that freedom shall be safe and shall live. It depends above all upon the firmness of solidarity between the English-speaking world and the French-speaking world, not against the German, the Italian and the Slav, but in demonstrating by the clearest proof that where freedom prevails, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse shall be driven out, never to return.

A. M. D. G.: II

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS I SAID in concluding the first part of this article in last week's paper, the central operative fact about the Jesuits is their spirit of obedience to the Pope—not because this or that Pope is a more perfect realization of the ideal Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but simply because he *is* the Vicar of Christ on earth.

Which fact, since it is the central point in Bellarmine's life, gets me back to Father Brodrick's book—but even so, I must still say a few words about the little book with which I began these rambling remarks. For, after all, if it had not been for the little book I never could have read the big book—certainly I never could have understood it. The Jesuit who placed it in my unwilling hands will never know (unless he happens to read these lines) how dubiously I regarded it—he who was animated solely by a charitable desire to enlighten me as to the merits and achievements of his beloved company, A.M.D.G. But I who, like most people in the world through which the company marches on its strange adventures, am apt to judge books (and people and things, too, I am afraid) by their exterior aspects, let that poor little book lie more or less hidden for a long time before I could bring myself to read it. For it was lamentably printed, and bound in a battered and most inappropriate blue cloth all dotted and slashed with gold-colored flowers and chance symbols meant for decorations. For title it bore one word:

"JESUITS"!

On the blank pages at front and back there are blurred legends which, however, might still be read (if I should really try), telling that the book belongs to the library of the Jesuit house where it was loaned to me. Yes, but was that house the one at Santa Clara, California, or the one at St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson, or the one on the Campagna, in Rome, or the one at Los Gatos, in the coast range of California, or Manresa on Staten Island, or St. Ignatius, in San Francisco, or St. Ignatius, in New York, or St. Louis, or Chicago, or Farm Street in London, or Detroit, or Cincinnati—for in all of those, and many others, have I made retreats, or paid visits, and received hospitality for both body and soul? For in all of them there were Jesuits — Fathers of the four vows, or Fathers not yet professed of the four vows, or scholastics, or novices, or Brothers, with whom I have talked about the society, all of whom were quite capable of borrowing a book from the library to lend to a friend who needed instruction, A.M.D.G. But if I should try hard to recall the house where actually I got the book, no doubt I should succeed (in fact, as I write, the fatal knowledge is just around the corner of memory), and if I did I should not require a Jesuit to go into the casuistry of the matter and tell me that it is my duty to send the book back to where it belongs. As for the penance that should go with the restitution—well, perhaps the writing of this article might be acceptable: but that remains to be seen. If not, then I plead that the mere reading of the Bellarmine book, in the case of so busy yet so lazy a journalist as myself should suffice—for while the Paul Féval prose lyric of praise and glorification of the Jesuits runs only to three hundred very small pages of very large and well-leaded type, Father Brodrick's book runs to more than a thousand large and closely packed pages, exclusive of the Latin appendices, and notes, and index—and twice have I read it; well, once thoroughly, and the second time with skips and leaps, but some places several times. But as often happens in the case of penances (self-imposed ones, anyhow), the experience has been a thrilling thing, from which lasting benefits have been derived.

If any of my readers doubt this statement, let him take this book for his Lenten reading. For any American to read any book of such a length may, I think, be regarded as at least an act of mortification, even if his conscience does not require penitential purging. But quite apart from any such considerations, I know of no book from which the average American reader may derive such benefits as from this one. Never mind about being edified; still less let us mention possible sanctification; I say that simply on the cultural side of the matter the thoughtful reading of Father Brodrick's life of Bellarmine provides a liberal education in history, of a particular relation to United States history. For the civilization of this country derives from Europe; only minor aspects and influences,

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of a negligible character except in some of the arts, stem from the native races, and their unrecorded life. Our American life is a chapter (still in its making) of the age-old story of Western Christendom. That chapter was a result of the religious revolutions and wars and political struggles preceding, accompanying, and following that capital crisis in world history which modern historians are ceasing to call the Reformation, but rather the Protestant rebellion. For religious reasons far more than from other causes connected with materialistic things: from economic factors, trade routes, nationalistic rivalries (although of course all these played important parts) did Spanish and Portuguese and French and English and Dutch and German and (later on) Irish and Italian and Polish and Slavic and Scandinavian elements of the present American people adventure and voyage out of the Old World into the New and there create the new nations of the western hemisphere—in particular, the amazing, complex, powerful people now preponderant among all others: the nation of the United States of North America. And Father Brodrick's vast canvas, the center of which is a vivid, moving, living, full-length portrait of the greatest of all post-Reformation Catholic churchmen, is a splendid panorama of the inner, the moral, the spiritual, the religious history of Western Christendom before, during, and to some extent after, the tremendous paroxysm which rent it into the rival, warring, separated nations of today. From 1542, only a little more than half a century after Columbus threw open the gateway of the West, when Bellarmine was born, down to 1621, when he died, the story runs. There is a background, briefly yet sufficiently sketched, which connects Bellarmine's eighty years with the previous history of the Church (which is the core, the center, the very soul of Modern European history), and there is a sequel, so to speak—that final chapter with its curious story of the stubborn opposition to Bellarmine's canonization which persisted down to our own time—which ties up with the history-in-the-making of today. And while the great story of the great cardinal and great saint is essentially what I have called it, namely, a prime factor in the inner, spiritual, religious life of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation period, nevertheless it is far from being remote in its connection from the tremendous secular movements and events of the mighty age with which that Jesuit of Jesuits had so much to do.

For at all times, and everywhere, secular events when correctly understood are determined, swayed or influenced by moral, ethical, spiritual, religious motives and causes. In this sense, all history is religious history. The fashion in which so much history has been written and taught since the Protestant revolt from the unity of Christendom—history based upon purely materialistic or psuedo-scientific considerations—has obscured this truth until quite recently; yet a truth it remained, with the truth prevailing finally, and history must (and in a large measure does now) return to the service of that truth. And as it does return so does it reassume that high place in the practical education of mankind which rightly belongs to it—a place second only to religion itself. And it seems to me that Father Brodrick's life of Saint Robert Bellarmine holds a very high rank among the happily increasing number of modern works which are restoring the true values of well-balanced history, in which, whether the work be the biography of a man or a woman, or of a nation or a race, the soul is an integral constituent of the body, whether the body be that of an individual, or of a group of individuals. It belongs among the true books of the life of humanity in which there is no deadening divorce between the spirit and the flesh—books in which Eternity opens its vista amid the shifting and changing scenes and events of Time—books in which wars and revolutions, plagues and famines and tempests, discoveries and explorations, systems of statescraft and of politics, scientific studies and inventions, economics and sociology, art and letters, races and nations, cities and fields, are all described or related or studied in their relations with the overruling, changeless, yet ever-active and ever-energizing First Cause and Final End of all things, and of all happenings. "God writes straight with crooked lines," runs a peasant proverb by Paul Claudel in the forefront of his latest work, his great drama-poem, "The Satin Slipper," to which he adds two pregnant words from Saint Augustine—"Even sins." Not every historian, or poet even, may be able always to discern God's design amidst the crooked lines of human deeds, but when they know in their hearts that a design is implicit underneath the bewildering confusion which, lacking a design, is all that can be found in humanity's story (or the story of any man or woman), they are at least on the right track, and with them their readers. Such is the case with Father Brodrick and his readers. Read him and see for yourselves.

And it is merely an incidental further value (as I think that Father Brodrick himself would allow, and as I feel certain that Saint Robert Bellarmine would grant) added to this primary value of the book, that it shows what a Jesuit really is. Of course, Father Brodrick knew what a Jesuit was before he wrote his book. The writer of the little blue-covered book which I quoted from in beginning this essay, Paul Féval, was not possessed of that knowledge before he began to write about the Jesuits. Because Eugène Sue, at the head of a regiment of clever novelists who were filling their purses by writing about the fearsome Jesuits who make "The Wandering Jew" so exciting, was his literary idol when he commenced his work as an author in Paris many years ago, Paul Féval obtained a commission to write a book outdoing Eugène Sue in "exposing" the black secrets and frightful crimes of the Black Pope and his cohorts of oath-bound agents. But Féval had one thing in common with Father Brodrick: he loved truth; so he really studied the documents relating to the Jesuits, with the result

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that he wrote what he did write, which was far indeed from what the publisher who tried to subsidize him to write another kind of book was looking for. He wrote the most glowing prose poem of a religious order that possibly could be written, and to anybody who does what I again suggest, namely, who makes the "Life and Works of Saint Robert Cardinal Bellarmine" his or her reading this coming Lent, I recommend Paul Féval's book as a cocktail before the solid meal of Father Brodrick's book, or as a liqueur afterward. As for myself, I must try to find another copy; for I cannot do without my Paul Féval—and now I let myself remember where it came from. It was a novice in the lonely college in the coast range hills of California, at Los Gatos, where I made my first retreat, who placed it in my hands. That was nearly twenty years ago. I forget his name; but I do not forget him, and the other novices, as they stood under the evening star, and the wind from the sea waved their black robes and made the Latin poems in honor of the Blessed Mother of God, which they had written and hung to the iron harps in the courtyard underneath the hillside where the Stations of the Cross went upward toward the heavens, flutter like white birds, and they sang songs in praise of Mary and to the greater honor of God. So, having recalled where the book came from, of course I must send it back. As interest on the involuntary loan, I shall send the Bellarmine as well. And in it I shall write: "Ora pro me—A.M.D.G." Of their own accord, I know, they will pray for Spain—and will continue the prayer of Ignatius that they may never cease to be persecuted because of the Name they bear.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HEALTH

By JOSEPH E. RANSDELL

HEREIN is presented for the careful consideration of THE COMMONWEAL and its many readers a brief description of one of the most interesting and important activities of our federal government—the National Institute of Health.

The United States Public Health Service, under the Treasury Department, is the one governmental agency charged with the promotion and preservation of the public health in so far as that is a federal duty. This service is one of the oldest American institutions, having been created in 1798, and its fine record has gained the confidence of the public and the medical profession. Two of its most notable achievements were its successful fight against bubonic plague in San Francisco and New Orleans, and its memorable battle against yellow fever in 1905, when that dread disease was driven out of the United States and the people were educated so thoroughly on preventive measures that the nation has been free of it ever since.

The National Institute of Health is the research center of the Public Health Service. Its function is to study the cause, prevention and cure of every disease of man. It aims to bring together, in its battle against disease, representatives of every branch of science connected with plant life and animal life, in order to discover all the laws of life to the end that sickness may be prevented, life prolonged, happiness increased and great economic savings result.

The Institute of Health began its existence in 1887 as a small clinical laboratory in New York, which was transferred to Washington in 1901, when Congress passed a law establishing it as a separate institution in the Public Health Service designated as the Hygienic Laboratory. It was charged with the investigation of infectious and contagious diseases and matters pertaining to public health. Although the financial support given the laboratory by Congress was small, its scientists made some extremely valuable discoveries concerning diseases such as malaria, pellagra, hookworm, tularaemia, undulant fever, parrot fever, typhus and Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

The scope of the Hygienic Laboratory was greatly widened, and its name changed to the National Institute of Health by the law of May 26, 1930, of which the writer was the author. This law gave to the institute the property, equipment and scientific organization of the former Hygienic Laboratory, and $750,000 for the construction of additional buildings. The most important provision of the act is that which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to accept gifts for the general work of the institute, and for the establishment of fellowships in scientific research, and provides that the name of anyone who donates as much as $500,000 shall be perpetuated by a suitable memorial.

Only two other government institutions are authorized by law to accept gifts of money from private sources. These are the Smithsonian Institution and the Library of Congress. Liberal provision is made by Congress for all three institutions, but the addition of private funds makes it possible for them to enlarge greatly the scope of their work. So far the National Institute of Health has received only four gifts: the first of $1.00 from C. P. Wilder of Massachusetts; the second of $100,000 from the Chemical Foundation, through its president, Francis P. Garvan; the third of $5.00 from Dr. Frank Appel of New York City; and the fourth of $1.00 from Herman Nichols.

Although the name and some of its facilities are new, the National Institute of Health is a going concern, which is located in spacious grounds on the Potomac River in the city of Washington, and where 155 persons are hard at work every day on some phase of health investigation. The advantages of having such an institution in the government are apparent. It be-

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longs to the people and is responsible to them. Their problems are its problems. This provides for continuity. Research work should not be taken up and dropped at the whim of some capricious benefactor or changing board of directors. It requires years of continuous application to a definite plan, which government conditions supply. Again, the checks and control of governmental financial methods assure us that money allotted to this work, whether from private donations or appropriations by Congress, will be carefully accounted for and put to good use.

In many cases of experimental research the scientists themselves are the first to volunteer. In some instances tragedy has stalked these heroic enthusiasts. Some years ago a doctor died from Rocky Mountain spotted fever acquired while studying the disease; another, working with typhoid germs, was seized with fever and died. Within the last few years two physicians and four assistants were infected with tularaemia, or rabbit fever, while carrying on their researches in the laboratory. Fortunately all recovered. A technician transferring cultures of tuberculosis became infected in 1919 and died in 1926. In another instance five persons came down one after another with undulant fever; three of them recovered but the other two are still suffering. In 1929 a young man caught typhus while working with the disease in the laboratories, and quite recently another young doctor caught this virulent disease, from which he has just recovered. About a year and a half ago eleven persons became infected with parrot fever, and one of them died.

When you talk to a scientist about these tragedies and near tragedies incurred by noble, unselfish men and women in order that you and I may be protected from terrible diseases, he usually replies, "Oh, that's all in the day's work."

Perhaps the most significant feature of the act creating the institute is that for bringing into the organization a group of interested workers by the establishment of fellowships with funds donated for that purpose. It is contemplated that these fellowships will be offered only to scientists who have demonstrated their fitness to carry on independent investigations. They may perform their duties either at the institute in Washington, or be assigned to other scientific work in this country or abroad.

The act also provides for the extension of the facilities of the institute to bona fide health workers of the cities, counties and states. The health activities of individuals, medical schools, hospitals, scientific institutions and state departments of health will not be interfered with by the institute. On the contrary, they will be given material aid in their work.

There will be no conflict between private and public research workers on the one hand and the Institute of Health on the other. All scientists investigating problems of health will profit by the cures and preventive measures developed in the institute, and vice versa. All branches of human science have the same general interest in conquering disease, and should coöperate closely.

In passing this act the American government issued a veritable declaration of war against the enemies of health, and furnished science with a powerful weapon against the many unconquered diseases that still afflict us. Everyone who loves his fellow man should assist in the mighty contest. The principal task confronting friends of the National Institute of Health is to make known to all men the past accomplishments and present aims of this great national research institution. THE COMMONWEAL and its readers can engage in no more patriotic, altruistic and beneficent work than to assist in making of the National Institute of Health the greatest health research center on earth.

FIREWORKS AND FOOTBALL

By JAMES J. WALSH

AT THE end of the year the newspapers reported that altogether forty-three boys and young men between fifteen and twenty-five years of age had died in this country during the preceding three months as the result of injuries received while playing football. Parents who read that item were likely to squirm more than a little, especially if they had boys of football age. But apparently they were resigned to the feeling that nothing could be done about it. Football is an American institution, and American institutions must not be interfered with. However, the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* the representative body of the profession in this country, has dared to deprecate the increase in the death rate from football accidents, and going back a little into the records, there may be seen in this a hopeful portent.

Those beyond middle age can remember the time, some thirty years ago, when this country had about a hundred annual deaths from tetanus as the result of injuries inflicted by fireworks, especially toy pistols, in the hands of young folks who were patriotically engaged in celebrating the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Physicians particularly had their attention attracted to this holocaust of strong and healthy children, but seemingly they had settled down to the conclusion that nothing could be done about it. Fathers and mothers each recurring year lived through the Fourth of July with a profound sense of dread, yet apparently with the very definite persuasion that this massacre of the innocents could not be stopped.

When the first editorial appeared in a New York medical journal suggesting that the doctors ought to organize for the purpose of preventing these fatalities, older physicians merely shook their heads and manifestly were convinced that there was nothing that could be done. The medical editor ventured to suggest that we could get along without such a noisy demonstration of patriotic feeling on the Fourth, but the majority of people seemed to think that noise was an inevitable accompaniment of any real celebration of our independence and that it was a special stimulus to patriotism, without which there would be question whether we were cultivating love of country to the extent that we ought to.

Though the editorial in the medical journal had very little effect on the physicians who had settled down to the thought that the yearly sacrifice was inevitable, it did fortunately attract the attention of one of the great newspapers of the

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country which began a crusade for the elimination of this disgrace to our civilization—the death every year of scores of children. The world would have been shocked if we had deliberately offered up these youngsters on the altar of the goddess of patriotism, yet the result was the same so far as the sacrifice of life was concerned. As a result of the newspaper's efforts, ordinances were enacted which practically did away with the cutting off of young lives by one of the most painful and fatal of infectious diseases.

Today there seems to be much the same sort of feeling with regard to football as there was with regard to the Fourth of July fireworks a generation ago. At the beginning of the century it was almost impossible to imagine America without its nerve-racking Fourth of July. It is even harder to imagine America without football. A Japanese university man, visiting this country for investigation of university matters, declared that an American university consists of a huge football stadium with a group of educational buildings associated with it. Academic visitors from almost anywhere might gain a similar impression.

Since football is such an essential part of life at our universities, it would seem impossible to hope to mitigate the annual recurring tragedies of the football field. Yet a generation ago it seemed impossible to think that we would get rid of the tetanus holocaust connected with the customary noisy Fourth of July celebration.

Some of the expressions of football coaches that have been reported, indicate an extraordinary state of mind with regard to football injuries. One of the coaches spoke of "a sad but inevitable death." As the *Journal of the American Medical Association* said editorially at the beginning of the year, "These men, like their academic employers, seem to be engaged at this season in manifestations of 'defense reflexes.'" One very distinguished coach, whose team is looked upon as one of the greatest, said, "It just happens that there have been more accidents than usual." He confesses that the fatalities are due to "personal collisions," but "these cannot be eliminated without entirely changing the nature of the game." Another coach, whose team claims the championship of the country, said, when asked what could be done about it, "Accidents will happen in any game."

The coaches feel that they should have a doctor on the field, very much in the way that an army surgeon needs to be around to take care of the wounded in war time. A young man helped off the field amid the cheers of a spectacle-loving public has, as the editor of the *Journal* remarks, "become a disgrace to institutions that are labeled intellectual."

The Football Rules Committee has it in its power, by the exercise of the ingenuity which has characterized preceding developments in football, to prevent the occurrence of the kind of collisions which lead to fatalities. Mass plays were eliminated though it was declared that their elimination would almost surely change football into something very different from what it was. In the same way a number of other improvements can be made in football that will take the roughness out of the game and will substitute skill and cleverness for brute force.

This needs to be done at once, for there are already signs that the temper of the American people is being tried beyond the limit with regard to the whole series of abuses connected with football. We need improvement in this matter quite as much as we needed it with regard to tetanus a generation ago, and unfortunately there is no anti-football-injury serum at hand, such as has been developed for tetanus.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS CATHOLIC LEAKAGE?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In reply to Father Ross's remarks regarding my paper in the January 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I would like to comment on some of his statements and arguments.

May I state first that my paper was as much a criticism of Father O'Brien's article in the *Ecclesiastical Review* of December, 1931, "Did We Lose Half a Million Catholics Last Year?", as it was of Father Ross's original article in THE COMMONWEAL of June 10, 1931," The Catholic Birth Rate," on which Father O'Brien based himself. The first paragraph of my paper plainly states this. Hence Father Ross is not to the point when he avers that he never expected his conclusion should be taken as Gospel truth. Father O'Brien leaves no loophole for any such qualification. His words are: *"The chief significance of all these statistics is that, while gaining 39,528 converts last year, the Church lost over* [italics his] half a million born Catholics. . . . A careful analysis of these figures will show that *there is no possible escape* [italics mine] from that disquieting and painful conclusion." Whatever Father Ross expected, it is a fact that his words give no clew as to any mental reservation on his part. Nor, apparently, did Father O'Brien discern any such clew. Nor does it much avail one who touches a match to a hayrick to say that he does not expect the whole structure to burn. Further, the question is not as to the size of any loss, measured numerically. Whether the loss is alleged to be 500,000 or only 500, any claim that "the number of defections has been so great that it has counterbalanced the annual increase by births" is illogical and to be rejected if it is based on inaccurate statistics. Such is Father O'Brien's claim, derived from Father Ross's computations, and such, apparently, is what Father Ross claims, although it is somewhat difficult to judge just what the latter does really claim.

As to the amount of credence to be placed in the figures for deaths and baptisms, Father Ross holds that the repetitions I quoted are but so many individual instances which would invalidate his argument only for the dioceses referred to. I answer: First, the bearing of the repetitions that I tabulated is that they strike fundamentally at Father Ross's basic principle and utterly destroy it. His argument is: "So much may depend on a record of baptism that it is inconceivable that a pastor would be careless in this" (THE COMMONWEAL, June 10, page 148). Father Ross wrongly, but *de facto,* applies this to the recording of parochial statistics in the "Directory." His argument may be legitimately converted into the universal negative: "No pastor will be careless in recording baptisms [for the 'Directory']." One single instance of carelessness or inaccuracy utterly invalidates the entirety of an argument that is thus based on a universal negative. I cited not merely one instance of one pastor but several dioceses for good measure.

Secondly: However, if I must heap Ossa upon Pelion, I add that this repetition of baptism and death statistics is not confined to these thirteen dioceses cited as repeating in the 1931 issue. Merely by way of example I state that thirteen *other* dioceses disclose a fairly inveterate habit of repeating baptism and death statistics over the period 1926-1930 (cf. my article in March, 1932, *Ecclesiastical Review,* where further tables are given).

Thirdly, repetition is not the only proof of inaccuracy or carelessness in the recording of baptism and death statistics.

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For example, the diocese of Corpus Christi, not included among those so far referred to, reports baptism and population figures as follows for the years 1926-1931: 8,133 and 125,665 (1926); 9,471 and 143,291 (1927); 9,120 and 146,780 (1928); 1,136 (sic) and 247,760 (sic) (1920); 1,342 and 247,760 (1930); 7,921 and 156,480 (1931). According to these figures, the baptism rate of Corpus Christi fluctuated as follows during these years: from 75.4 to 63.7 to 7.7. to 5.4 to 32.0 per 1,000 population.

The conclusion is inescapable that there is something fundamentally wrong with the baptism and death statistics as a whole and not merely in the case of the dioceses mentioned. The method of gathering these statistics for the "Directory" is practically the same throughout the country, with here and there an exception. That some dioceses do not repeat their figures is no guarantee at all of their accuracy, despite the fact that Father Ross would be inclined to accept them when they differ from year to year. Sometimes they differ altogether too much. However, this is not to impugn the good faith of the pastors concerned, as Father Ross seems to think necessary, if I argue thus. It but connotes, perhaps, a more widespread use of Father Ross's own methods than he seems to suspect is the case. For Father Ross says in his original article (page 148): "As a pastor I used to report the lowest possible number of Catholics because I wanted to get an addition of territory." This practice is not confined to population statistics. In other words, much depends on the definition of Catholic, Catholic death, Catholic birth, that one adopts. Varying definitions can be adopted—in good faith, if you will—but the practice absolutely vitiates all statistical conclusions that are drawn from such figures.

A word about Father Ross's death-statistics population argument. He claims he did not calculate his death rate on the Catholic population as recorded in the "Directory," but calculated the population from the "Directory" death statistics and the general death rate for the country. His inference is that he does not depend on the "Directory" population statistics. To me his words very clearly establish the contrary. He says: "It was partly as a check . . . that I calculated the death rates also. . . . In the present case, the average death rate for these eighty-four dioceses was 12.0. That is exactly the death rate for the general population of the registration area." However, he tells us in unmistakable terms that he did use the "Directory" population figures in his birth-rate computation. He speaks thus (original article, page 147): "'The Official Catholic Directory' gives the population and the infant baptisms for a number of dioceses. And as practically all children born of Catholic parents are baptized within a short time after birth, the Catholic birth rate for these dioceses can be very easily computed by dividing the infant baptisms by the population. . . . Adding up the total number of infant baptisms and the total population reported for all eighty-four dioceses, we get an average birth rate of 32.3." Whichever course Father Ross takes, he is faced with a dilemma. Let him say he did not use the "Directory" population statistics—but to act thus is absurd, for one cannot obtain a birth (or death) rate without population figures. Let him say he did use the "Directory" figures—but they are inaccurate.

The whole thing really comes to this: Father Ross's statistics lead him to a very striking conclusion as to an alarming Catholic loss. He holds the statistics prove this loss took place. But it is just as logical to hold that the conclusion proves the statistics inaccurate. When two conclusions follow equally logically from given premises, it is logically very dangerous to embrace one conclusion without eliminating the other. Father Ross did not eliminate the possibility of the statistics being inaccurate. In this he was illogical in accepting the other conclusion. I think he is doubly so if he clings to that conclusion in the face of the data I have laid before him. Lest he still cling to a remnant of his sixty-eight dioceses, I add that I have compiled a list of eighty-one dioceses whose statistics are unacceptable (cf. *Ecclesiastical Review* for March). For example did Buffalo really lose 72,795 in 1930? Did Corpus Christi's American Catholics really shrink from 89,760 to 6,480 in that year?

All of which goes to show that Father Ross and I are poles apart, instead of being statistical bedfellows.

REV. GERALD SHAUGHNESSY, S.M.

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor: Age does not always bring wisdom, but it sometimes brings caution, keeping many of us "fools from rushing in where angels fear to tread." When Sacerdos Senex was violently tempted to deal with the statistics of Catholic leakage—now a very live subject in THE COMMONWEAL and in domestic clerical circles—his good angel whispered to him: "Don't do it; you'll get hurt; perhaps, get devoured by a 'Frankenstein monster,' or at least 'knocked into a cocked hat,' as the late President Wilson disposed, on a memorable occasion, of his friend, the late William Jennings Bryan."

So Sacerdos Senex, fearing greatly such a horrible fate, with due caution had nothing to say or do with the statistical machines of Father Ross and Dr. O'Brien—to which Professor O'Hara lent a timid approval that he lately would modify (see his letter in THE COMMONWEAL of January 27, 1932).

And now comes Father Gerald Shaughnessy, and to our great relief and comfort—for all good Catholics were sorely puzzled and distressed by that alleged loss last year of a half a million souls!—with a highly improved, modern calculating machine ("The Official Catholic Directory" can't be trusted, as proven), and pulverizes the Ross Frankenstein monster which already "has done an untold amount of harm," as Father Shaughnessy declares. He bids Father Ross and his endorser, Dr. O'Brien, and perhaps he would include faintly Professor O'Hara, to set about the making of a new machine, certainly one not built on the statistics which are given in "The Official(?) Catholic Directory."

It is a crying shame that year after year such a publication, styled "The Official Catholic Directory," should be issued. Notwithstanding the cautionary note in the title page, it is a deception and a fraud, as Father Shaughnessy shows in his excellent article. At least the word "official" should be omitted, and some means be found to supply Catholics and others with a fairly reliable account of the Catholic population of the country. It should not be a very difficult task, as was pointed out recently by a writer in THE COMMONWEAL.

So far the discussion of Catholic leakage has not given us anything definite of the loss or gain. Let us hope something approximately accurate will come of it. In the meantime Sacerdos Senex, who does not dabble in statistics, is still troubled with that statement of Bishop O'Connor, first bishop of Omaha, heard when Sacerdo Senex was a young priest: "We have lost as many millions of Catholics as we now have" (then about twelve or fourteen millions).

How can this frightful loss be stopped? That is the real question.

SACERDOS SENEX.

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THE CATHOLIC RURAL LIFE MOVEMENT

Galveston, Tex.

TO the Editor: I want to congratulate Frank O'Hara for his article on rural life and thank you for publishing it in your issue of January 20. Unfortunately he did not go far enough. Our people are hungry for religion, especially those living in the rural districts. They can get all of the worldly things, and can see their fellow citizens go to their churches, but for them there is no place to go.

As Mr. O'Hara says, we have become a city Church, and we have forgotten the old principle of going out into the wilderness. United prejudice against us is always where there are no churches of our faith. Yes, we are losing the young folks who live in the country and whose people for many hundred years have been with Mother Church. All of the boys and girls in the rural districts cannot go to the city, and all of them do not have automobiles to run into town on Sunday morning to go to church. Some of the many clergymen in the cities might relieve the city parishes by going out in the wilderness, and let me say that they would be surprised to find that they can do a great deal of good in carrying out the work of the Master, and in time their labors will not be as hard as they are now in the city. If we want real Catholic Action in this country, let's get busy in the country and roadside sections and bring back those who have become indifferent because they had nowhere to go.

This is not sent for any other purpose than for the hope that we will start a real honest-to-goodness movement of going out into the wilderness and preaching to men of all kinds His word.

JOHN DARROUZET.

THE DEBTS

Dixon, Calif.

TO the Editor: As a preliminary to what I would like to say to you regarding an article in your January 6 COMMONWEAL, wherein you seek to style Senator Hiram W. Johnson scientifically a "fool," I might mention that I happen to be a California Catholic who have known Hiram W. Johnson all my life both politically and socially, and my whole family of brothers widely scattered in the state all know him favorably and well. That I am not in politics, as this letter somewhat shows, and have no subtle ax to grind, in one way or another.

But I am convinced from the experiences of the past and the ultimate awakening of the future, that Hiram W. Johnson is nobody's fool, least of all, account of the American people. Hiram could have been a shifty politician and have now occupied the highest position in the gift of the American had he not turned down the opportunity of being the running mate of Harding, offered him by the Chicago Convention, provided the stand-patters were allowed to write the Republican platform. And at that time it was very pointedly remarked by the regular proposers that "Harding was a very sick man." Howsoever, Hiram refused that tie-up and took the alternative of the privilege of "writing the platform." If parties and platforms are intended to be straightforward, truthful organizations and statements for the promotion of the welfare of a people, then Hiram did the only thing a conscientious man could do. Anyway, he has always been honest with his fellow man; not two-faced, hypocritical, bigoted, whispering one thing in the closet and uttering platitudes in public. America has missed the mark for several years, and a worship of economics (poorly applied) will demoralize her socially and in business if not checked.

W. J. WEYAND.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Fatal Alibi

CHARLES LAUGHTON, fresh from many triumphs in England, made a very deep impression on all audiences in his first appearance in this country in "Payment Deferred." He showed himself to be the master of one of those mobile masks which only a few born actors possess. He also showed his ability to express the finest and most varied modulations of emotion. In his new play, "The Fatal Alibi," by Michael Morton, based on a story by Agatha Christie, he confirms all the impressions made in his American début, even though the rôle which he now plays is by no means as fine a one as that of the weakling murderer in "Payment Deferred."

"The Fatal Alibi" is a transcription for the stage of the detective story called "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd." The detective in the case, Hercule Poirot, a fat and bouncing Frenchman, differs from all other stage and book detectives only in certain personal mannerisms which lend him individuality of appearance rather than of method. The story of the play is a little complex, and it will probably strike a great many people that the circumstances of the play as reconstructed are distinctly implausible. This, however, does not prevent it from having certain entertainment value and suspense rather richly colored by the character and personality of Poirot, as interpreted by Charles Laughton.

Except for occasional facial mannerisms, Mr. Laughton succeeds in transforming himself completely from the languid, bulbous and sickly villain in "Payment Deferred" into the active, nervous and resilient Frenchman of the present play. His assumed French accent is done to a turn, catching with great precision those particular inflections of the voice which are even more important than the pronunciation of the words. In his versatility and character sense, Mr. Laughton resembles Edward G. Robinson more closely than any other American actor. It will probably not be long before Mr. Laughton's services will be commandeered for the screen. The supporting cast is excellent, including Effie Shannon, Moffat Johnston, Helen Vinson, and that refreshing young ingénue, Jane Wyatt. All those who enjoy watching good acting and can put up with a few minor deficiencies in the plot of a mystery tale will do well to see "The Fatal Alibi." (At the Booth Theatre.)

The Man Who Played God

OF ALL the fine technicians of the stage and screen, none seems to have greater difficulty in finding a suitable vehicle than George Arliss. Certainly his latest film, "The Man Who Played God," based on the play by Jules Eckert Goodman which, in turn, is based on the story by Gouverneur Morris, is so filled with cloying sentimentality as almost to spoil many of its good scenes and much of its good acting. The story is that of a famous elderly musician who loses his hearing completely in an accident and is so embittered by his misfortune that for a time he alternates between denying God and railing at Him. In time, however, he learns to read lips and makes the accidental discovery that from his apartment, bordering on a park, he can probe into the lives of a great many people by reading their lips through a strong pair of binoculars. In this way, he learns many of the minor tragedies of life and, being a man of some personal wealth, is able to play Lord Bountiful in a very mysterious fashion. In one case, for example, he "hears" the sufferings of a young man who is engaged to be married but is about to die of tuberculosis unless he

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can find the money to get off into the country. The deaf musician promptly provides the necessary money without letting his name be known. Incidentally, the boy and girl have both been praying for some way out of their difficulty and when they feel that the mysterious money sent to them is a direct answer from God, the musician thinks he has discovered a great joke on the idea of God. It suddenly dawns on him, however, that he has been only the instrument in the case and perhaps it is God Who is laughing at his own disbelief. From then on his life changes. He becomes more and more reconciled to his fate.

Woven into this tale is the musician's love story. He is loved by a widow of great charm and understanding, but believes himself to be in love with a much younger girl who was originally his pupil. As a result of his trials he works through to an understanding of where he can find his true happiness.

The chief trouble with the story lies in the manner of its telling rather than in the idea which, although rather far fetched, could be made effective if not accompanied by too many coincidences and by too much rather thin sentimentality. It is always a little difficult to understand why writers should grow lush and sentimental the moment they touch on themes dealing with God and prayer. They seem determined to mold their stories to the mentality and emotional level of copy-book maxims. Mr. Arliss seems to like this particular brand of story and to relish the many opportunities it offers for raised eyebrows and facial heartaches. Nevertheless, it is something these days to have a screen story which even attempts to recognize spiritual values. This the present story achieves in perfectly definite fashion, even though the method of achievement leaves much to be desired. (At the Warner Theatre.)

Maurice Chevalier

NOW THAT Maurice Chevalier is appearing, as the more enterprising columnists would express it, "in the flesh," there is a more than reasonable excuse for discussing some of the qualities which have raised this still young man to international eminence as singer and actor.

My first recollections of Chevalier date from the closing months of the Great War and the armistice, when he was very much the idol of Paris and was appearing jointly with Mistinguette. He has changed very little in the intervening years. He still has the same abounding vitality. He still establishes the same instant rapport with his audience. He is still, above all else, a personality that is instantly felt throughout the theatre. It happens, however, that he is also an artist.

Chevalier's artistry is that of intuition for character and situation. He places himself squarely in the shoes of the character he is impersonating and so far as his emotions are concerned, becomes that character. He creates the feeling of it from within—which is the hallmark of any true artist. This may not be apparent to those who have seen Chevalier chiefly in the debonair rôles he is assigned in the motion pictures. In such rôles he is merely acting his own expansive and exuberant self. It is in the more intimate character sketches given in his present concerts that one catches that quality of self-transformation.

Chevalier is quite capable of giving us an art of the same type as that of Chaplin, less involved, of course, with a particular outer character, but catching, as Chaplin can do superbly, the qualities of suffering and of minor heroism. Chevalier will probably never wear the trappings of the clown, but he understands the inner secret of all clowning which is the pathos of the great dreamer facing a world of very brutal realities. There is nothing I should relish more than to see Chevalier in the rôle of a bewildered victim of fate roaming about the world with the spirit of a Don Quixote. He is capable of just that kind of art. (At the Fulton Theatre.)

Simon Boccanegra

THE AMERICAN première of a Verdi opera is something of an event, and the huge audience which gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House for the production of "Simon Boccanegra," seventy-five years after its first performance and fifty-one years after the final revision of the libretto and music, proved that the name of the great Italian is still potent. It is probable that a large portion of that audience went fully expecting to be disappointed, for under ordinary circumstances the work of a famous composer which takes three-quarters of a century to cross the ocean must have, almost as a corollary, a very good reason for its non-crossing. Yet there must have been few indeed who, listening to "Simon Boccanegra," could have helped being amazed that it had not years ago taken its place in the standard repertory of the Broadway house of song. To say that throughout it is Verdi at his best would be too great praise, but there are scenes of which this could certainly be said; in fact the whole second act is of a high excellence and the final scene in that act, the scene in the Council Hall, is for sheer musical and dramatic power Verdi at the summit of his genius. The Prologue, too, in somber dignity and restrained emotion, has much of the quality of "Otello," and though the last act is too long and at times shows a lagging in melodic invention, even it is far above the quality of any of the operatic novelties which the Metropolitan has given us in recent seasons. Why then has it not been given before? Perhaps the reason is the difficulty of its presentation, for in Simon, Jacopo and Gabriele it contains three figures requiring artists of the first rank. At its première in its revised version in 1881, these parts were interpreted by Victor Maurel, Edouard de Reszke and Tamagno. These are three singers who today it would be impossible to match, and yet in Lawrence Tibbett, Ezio Pinza and Giovanni Martinelli the Metropolitan found three artists who made admirable impressions and who, though not perfect, gave performances which were far more than merely adequate, while both Maria Mueller, as Maria, and Claudio Frigerio, as Paolo, gave almost equally vivid impersonations.

The great drawback of "Simon Boccanegra" is its turgid and almost incomprehensible libretto, a libretto which despite its reworking by Boito, remains as mysterious to the ordinary auditor as that of "Trovatore." And yet this libretto, like that of "Trovatore," is not without its virtue, for it gives at least splendid opportunity for heroic musical investiture and dramatic contrast. Composed originally in Verdi's period of lush melodic invention, the period of "Trovatore" and "Traviata," the composer realized that the somber dignity of the subject required a more closely knit musical handling, and because of this realization he recast it for the performance of 1881. The result was happy. Informing it is the melodic genius of the younger man, but the taste and tragic poetry of the Verdi who was shortly to write "Otello" controls and sublimates the raw material. This is particularly apparent in the magnificent music of the Council Scene, a scene in which music and drama are interwoven and matched until the result becomes music-drama of the highest type. No one who witnesses that scene sung and acted as it was at the Metropolitan can fail to recognize it as one of the truly great moments in opera. "Simon Boccanegra" is the high point not only of the operatic season of 1931-1932, but perhaps of the Metropolitan's last decade. To the singers and to Mr. Serafin for his masterly conducting go my homage.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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BOOKS

Shall One Believe?

The Nature of Belief, by M. C. D'Arcy, M.A., S.J. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

IN THIS work the author, an English priest of the Society of Jesus, presents a study of the foundations of religious belief. It is a very difficult book to review. One does not know what standards to apply in estimating it. Father D'Arcy says quite explicitly that he is not writing a Catholic apologia. It is certainly not a technical work on theology, and the preface indicates that the author does not intend it as a book for professional philosophers. On the other hand, it is not merely a work of literature, either controversial, polemical or expository; still less is it a volume of *belles lettres*. Its contents would indicate that it is a work of popularization, controversy, philosophy, theology and current opinion. What Father D'Arcy actually does in this book is to set forth at length why it is better to believe than not to believe, and to criticize a number of popular views to the contrary. It would appear that what the author intends to convey is that the mental attitude called belief is preferable to the mental attitude called non-belief, provided that what is believed be not egregiously false. Throughout the work he discusses the philosophy and psychology of belief and assent, the basis of belief, the limits of belief and certain erroneous opinions on these matters. He concludes his study with a chapter on Divine Faith—a chapter to which the preceding discussions implicitly lead up.

At times the writer appears to address himself to a highly cultivated class of readers, for he quotes or alludes to numerous writers, books, currents of opinion and schools of thought without considering it necessary either to explain the point of the allusion or to quote explicit references, presuming no doubt that his readers are conversant with classical and contemporary literature in many fields. At other times he takes great pains to elucidate points of rather commonplace philosophical knowledge, even to the extent of sacrificing rigid accuracy to simplicity of statement, as if he expected that his readers would be rather the less-instructed than the well-educated section of the public.

In the chapters on Newman's "Grammar of Assent" and on "Religious Experience" there are many examples of the first method of procedure. A certain amount of philosophical training and habits of reflection are necessary to follow the thought in the former chapter, while a fairly wide acquaintance with contemporary writings on the psychology of religion is presupposed in the latter. On the other hand, the chapter on the "Possibility of Truth" is decidedly elementary—although the author advises his readers to skip it if the reasoning be found too "difficult of assimilation" or should they be "disconcerted by its density"—and it is here that little inaccuracies creep in. The differentiation between facts and truths and the discussion of the concept lack precision, and the section on the objective character of truth and knowledge is somewhat deficient. These inaccuracies could only have been avoided by introducing technical developments of considerable difficulty and length, which of course was not within the scope of the author's intentions.

Father D'Arcy gives abundant evidence of his broad acquaintance with philosophical literature, but in reading his book one is apt to be disconcerted because it is never clear what purpose the author had in writing it. As a popular work it is too difficult. It is neither sufficiently exact nor scholarly enough to be a technical treatise. It takes too much for

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NEXT WEEK

MEXICO'S NEW RELIGIOUS CONFLICT, by Carleton Beals, is a circumstantial report from Mexico of the spoliations by the government there in power not only of the property of Catholics, the heritage of generations of devoted building, of native art and of other forms of self-expression outside the realms of the purely material utilitarian, but also of the peons, the poor laborers and the poor peasants. Mr. Beals, it is well known, has shown no special love for the Catholic Church; his report seemed to us, therefore, all the more important because there can linger about it no suspicion of being an *ex parte* statement. The whirlwind of desperate and outraged humanity that the government policy is sowing is clearly indicated. . . . THE COMING CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION, by Wilhelm Stapel, considers the strange irony of those so-called liberal forces that would invade more and more the individual's power of choice and reduce him to an automaton in a mechanized social scheme. The revolution he foresees will simply be one of masses of human sentiment turning away from the tyrannies that they had not bargained for in the new dispensations. . . . RURAL AND URBAN FAMILIES, by the Reverend Edgar Schmiedeler, director of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is a contrast of the conditions of life in city and in country. Now that the urban drift seems definitely checked in the United States, it is well that a reckoning should be made for the intelligent determination of what truly constitutes social well-being. . . . LITTLE SISTERS, by the Reverend Speer Strahan, tells of the founding and the development of one of the sisterhoods whose special care is the peace, self-respect and security of old men and women, and paints a moving and unforgettable picture of the sweet and heroic charity of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

granted if it be intended for the general reader, and it is too superficial in many places to appeal to the specialist.

There is likewise a suggestion of condescension in the tone of those passages in which the author agrees with some prominent Catholic writer, like Jacques Maritain, for instance. It conjures up the picture of a benign and benevolent old gentleman patting a youngster on the head for having uttered a significant thought. And too frequently, when he quotes those with whom he disagrees, the author seems to offer an implicit apology for treating their views so seriously.

There is material enough in this work for two or three volumes, each planned for a specific purpose and written with a view to the type of reader for which it was destined. As it stands, it is difficult to say to what class of readers it should be recommended.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

A Queer Woman

Sibyl of the North: The Tale of Christina, Queen of Sweden, by Faith Compton Mackenzie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

OUT OF difficult material and contradictory evidence Mrs. Mackenzie has made a vivid and likable book. She writes with the sympathy which is essential to a biographer, and with a candor as clear as day. If she pays too much attention to the *indiscrétions de l'histoire,* she but follows in this regard the bent of modern biography.

No woman ever had a better chance in life than had Christina of Sweden. True, her father died when she was six years old, and her mother was a fool; but her education was of the best, her throne was secure, her subjects were loyal. She was strong, active, sufficiently good-looking, quick-witted and intelligent. Her training was for queenship; yet of the duties imposed by sovereignty she thought less and less with every year she ruled. She had no more sense of obligation than has a cat, and she had none of those highly decorative qualities which win forgiveness for feline egotism.

Her abdication of the throne and her conversion to the Catholic faith are the two important episodes in Christina's career. Of the first Mrs. Mackenzie says truly that the queen wanted to be clear of all cares and burdens, but to keep her importance, authority and income. "Her vast self-confidence would not even contemplate the possibility of any loss of prestige resulting from the voluntary resignation of her high estate." The second event has been the subject of much lively controversy. Mrs. Mackenzie insists that devotion to the Church was Christina's one firm and lasting emotion. She certainly lived in it, and died in it; yet she manifested neither fervor nor that decorous respect which is as much a matter of good form as of devotion. Unhappily, propriety of behavior was something of which she took no heed. Coarse of mind, foul of tongue and careless in dress, she offended the society of every country that she visited. Each in turn welcomed her coming, and speeded her departure. In Rome alone she found a lasting home. In the Pope alone she found a benefactor, and in Cardinal Azzolino an almoner of his bounty.

The one crime that has blotted Christina's record—the murder of her majordomo, Monaldesco, at Fontainebleau—was resented as a social, no less than a moral, offense. He had been unfaithful to his trust, and—arguing that the terms of her abdication had given her "supreme authority" over her own household—she "condemned" him to death. The French court, horrified and disgusted, refused to consider that "supreme au-

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thority" meant the privilege of having a man hacked to pieces under another man's roof. It simply "wasn't done"; and while the culprit could not well be ousted from Fontainebleau, she was refused permission to enter Paris.

Milton goes on record as having praised Christina—from a safe distance—and Cromwell as having declined the honor of her presence in England. Her ambition—at forty-two—to be elected Queen of Poland gives the only comic relief to her story. The Bishop of Posnanie, an influential Polish elector, expressed the sentiments of his country when he said that her candidacy was a joke, but a poor one. She died in Rome, and has an ornate monument in St. Peter's. If she was, as some say, a *grande amoureuse,* the part seems singularly ill-fitted for her playing. Perhaps things were a trifle less scandalous in Rome and elsewhere than Mrs. Mackenzie finds them to have been. The decencies, the pieties, even the austerities, of life are apt to lie hidden behind the insistent assertiveness of vice.

AGNES REPPLIER.

A Literary Lion

Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse, by Evan Charteris. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

ANY READER of this book who has taken pleasure in the critical work of Sir Edmund Gosse will be left with mingled feelings as he comes to the final page. Mr. Charteris declares in his introduction that he writes with the intention of being always fair and impartial, and he has done his work well; yet one puts the book aside with the haunting sense that the clay feet of another idol of youth have been embarrassingly displayed. Of course it is inevitable in honest biography that the subject is discovered to have various traits of a more or less disappointing nature, but we did not look for pettiness in Sir Edmund Gosse.

And still, looking back over past sessions with "Gossip in a Library" and "Books on the Table," the reader remembers circumstances previously overlooked: a tendency to pontificate, a more than Scottish sense of infallibility under the urbane periods, and the light air of an aristocrat amusing himself with letters. But these after all are small things. The Sir Edmund Gosse whom we do not recognize is the young man hunting celebrities with a desperate ambition and the older man toadying lords. Somehow in this biography it seems as if there were two men: the one, a suave man of letters, detached and observant; the other a shrewd man of business with his eye ever upon the main chance.

It is best to leave discussion of Sir Edmund Gosse's character to the present biographer. His work is thorough and honest and tasteful, and though it is not of the great biographies, neither is its subject of the proportions of genius.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Fertile Region

The Cabin in the Cotton, by Henry Harrison Kroll. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.00.

IF, IN this their first joint publication, Messrs. Long and Smith had not so enthusiastically hailed "The Cabin in the Cotton," the thunders of the critics would not have been so surely invited. This has been decidedly unfair to Mr. Kroll. He has aimed high and failed. But his failure is more commendable than many successes. Principally his failure lies in the surrender to a happy ending of a book which is rigidly set in the grooves of tragedy. His best achievement is the creation

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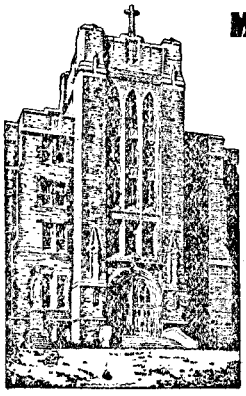

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of Dan Morgan in whose vacillating soul rages the conflict between two clashing factions. Dan's sympathy for those people of his origin is directly opposed to a dominant ambition. He eventually abandons his straddle, the novel reaches a crisis of power and then the curtain is so suddenly let down that the audience realizes it has been cheated: that the forces of tragedy were empty threats deliberately built up by a clever and timid manipulator.

Mr. Kroll's book, although obviously propaganda, does rise above this labeling. His background—the vast and magnificently fertile fields of the Mississippi delta—has the virtue of originality and authenticity. His gauntly realistic style is keyed to the bleak, improverished lives of men and women whose personalities are made vivid by quick and short strokes. Again, the deep-rooted antagonism between plantation owners and tenants is vivified with extreme skill. Yet Mr. Kroll has been guilty of a violent transposition of fact. He has lacked the courage to oppose the white to the Negro, and thus has avoided a problem of racial domination by giving the down-trodden the color of the oppressors, though white tenants are only a rare occurrence in the section. Nor has Mr. Kroll strengthened his case for truth, although he has added to the effectiveness of his narrative, by representing the practice of dishonestly juggling accounts as general, when the system is such that only the extremely greedy and unscrupulous even need to resort to it.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Gratry's Masterpiece

The Well-Springs, by Alphonse Gratry; translated by Stephen Brown, S.J. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 5/-.

ALPHONSE GRATRY was born in Lille in 1805, and after losing the Faith at the early age of sixteen, returned to the Church a year or two afterward and consecrated his life to the highest ideals. With three other priests, he was responsible for the revival of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, the spiritual home of Newman and Faber, of Malebranche, De Bérulle and of many others. He soon became known for his brilliant lectures which drew the élite of Paris to the little Chapel of the Oratory. His book, "Les Sources," sold widely in France for many years, where it created a profound impression. This is the first translation into English.

There are chapters on reading, on the morning's work, on evening and rest, on faith and comparative science. Brief discussions of the basic sciences follow—mathematics, astronomy—physiology, physics, geography, history, ethics and theology—each treated in a chapter of a few pages, each science made wonderfully fertile in the light of religion, each section inducing in the mind of the reader a genuine inspiration. Longer chapters follow on the preparation for study, the science of duty, duty to God, duty of man toward himself, and a conclusion.

The translation is good, the style lucid, the thought profound, touched everywhere with the humility of true scholarship. Instinctively one pauses in the middle of some page to recollect oneself, to snatch oneself back to earth, away from the exuberant imagination, from the "sacred fire" of Père Gratry's pen. There is much food for thought in this book especially in these times; there is enthusiasm tempered with practicality. The most surprising quality of "The Well-Springs" is that it unfolds depths of unsuspected wisdom, it stimulates, it humbles. It is original in the best sense of that much abused word.

C. J. EUSTACE.

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Briefer Mention

The Brontes Went to Woolworth's, by Rachel Ferguson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

LIGHTLY conceived and—for the most part—lightly written, this story of a fantastic English family has a real measure of charm. It proceeds partly from the attractive craziness of the group under observation—two grown girls, one little girl, and one widowed mother, who unite in playing a game of "let's pretend" that extends over most of their waking life; it proceeds, in almost equal degree, from the author's shrewd manipulation of the tried and trusted Cinderella theme. The three Carne sisters, in spite of their thoroughly sophisticated, thoroughly modern manner, are cut on exactly the same pattern as the three lasses who delighted and edified the readers of "Not Like Other Girls" twenty-five years ago. They are reduced gentlefolk who meet their situation with wit and resourcefulness, eking out their poverty with a great deal of family fun, and meeting the baronet's family in the end. Miss Ferguson's original contribution comes in the genuinely amusing dialogue, and in the conception of a secondary imaginative life, full of innocent pretenses and ingenious embroideries upon fact, which is shared by the whole group, and produces various contretemps with governesses and others of the literal-minded. Flat and foolish as it sounds in review, this device is highly entertaining in the book itself: at any rate, until the Brontes come back from the next world, via the planchette, to join in.

The Song of the Lark, by Willa Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THIS is a reprint of the most interesting of Miss Cather's early novels. Between the limpid unity of "My Antonia," which marks the coming-of-age of her artistic form, and the less certain, more casual and inclusive narration of "The Song of the Lark," which preceded it by three years, there is a definite artistic gap. But this earlier book shows the full richness of the material from which such a flawless selection was made in the later one. It gives us, in plentitude, that atmosphere of Western post-pioneer life (this time in Colorado), unmellowed yet sharply flavored and distinct, that magical sense of the quality of common people so much more like identification than the outside process of perception, which are ingredients in the classic history of Antonia; and it gives us possibly the strongest of Miss Cather's heroines. Thea Kronborg, the Swedish girl who goes through all sorts of vicissitudes, social, financial and moral, in order to become a great singer, is marked by nature with a rugged granite quality which shows harsh and unyielding beside the graces of a Marian Forrester, the life-enkindling warmth of an Antonia, the gentle civility and sweetness of a Cécile. But she has the authority of a powerful will, and a purity of artistic devotion, which make her a unique personage, even in this gallery.

Everyman's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $.90 each.

THE VIRTUES of the reprints in Everyman's Library are well known. New titles are steadily being added, and among these are two of exceptional distinction. "Pascal's Pensées," in the standard translation, are accompanied by a spirited and commendable introduction by Mr. T. S. Eliot. "The Poems of William Cowper," appropriate during this centenary year, are prefaced by an interesting introduction written by Mr. Fausset.

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Eulogy on George Washington, by Archbishop John Carroll; with a Foreword by Peter Guilday. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.00.

THE RELATIONS which existed between George Washington, first President of the United States, and John Carroll, first bishop of the new republic, were always distinctly cordial. When Washington died, Bishop Carroll ordained that suitable services be held in Catholic churches, and himself delivered a eulogy in the Church of St. Peter, Baltimore, on February 22, 1800. To reissue this oration, with Dr. Guilday's explanatory notes, was a publisher's labor of love, which Messrs. Kenedy have performed admirably. The text is reprinted in facsimile; the volume is sufficiently well printed and bound to form an attractive souvenir. Bishop Carroll's final words abide as a dignified and sincere patriotic prayer: "May these United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, liberty and the enjoyment of their excellent constitution, as long as respect, honor and veneration shall gather round the name of Washington—that is, whilst there shall be any surviving record of human events."

Christina Georgina Rossetti, by Eleanor Walter Thomas. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.00.

THE POET of today knows the value of Christina Rossetti. Possibly no other woman writer in English letters, not even Dame Juliana, has so well survived the terrible scrutiny of time. Like America's Emily Dickinson, she abides as one who in seclusion realized the true inward beauty of feminine experience. But since Mr. Bell's memoir (1898), no satisfactory book about her has been written. Miss Thomas's is frankly a dissertation, meticulous and dependable. It is not well enough written to endure comparison with great biographies, but as a sincere and competent study it has few equals.

The Rhetoric of Aristotle; translated by Lane Cooper. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

WE SHOULD not be surprised to learn that Aristotle, under the management of Professor Cooper, has written a best-seller. For volumes of information about how to express oneself have no equal as marketable literary products—excepting always the Bible and Shakespeare. This is an excellent book, remarkably well translated and edited. One cannot imagine the college Frosh getting far along in this tome, but the advanced can find no better guide.

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